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Vol. CLXXVIII No. 2329 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 9 1944

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Volume CLXXVIII No. 2329 The SPHERE, London, September 9, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE GREAT MARCH THROUGH PARIS BY THE AMERICANS: PARISIANS LINE THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES TO CHEER THE PARADE TOWARDS THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.
Hundreds of military vehicles rolling past as the Americans moved through the capital towards the front

On August 30 huge crowds lining the Champs Élysées and the boulevards cheered with enthusiasm what was described by war correspondents as a "formal parade" by American troops through the city. The Americans were thus the first of the Allied troops to drive past the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. All along their route they were met with wave after wave of cheering and shouting, the streets were smothered with flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack predominating. It was this "parade" to which General Eisenhower referred last week when addressing a number of correspondents at Supreme Headquarters in London. He then made it known that the "parade" was a march and deployment to the front to establish a definite feeling of confidence, as there were many "collaborationists" in the city and the Parisians were nervous with the front line then at their eastern gate. On the reviewing stand were General Leonard T. Gerow, of the U.S. Army; M. Le Trocquer, Commissioner of Liberated France; General de Gaulle; and Generals Omar Bradley and Hodges, of the U.S. Army

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 262

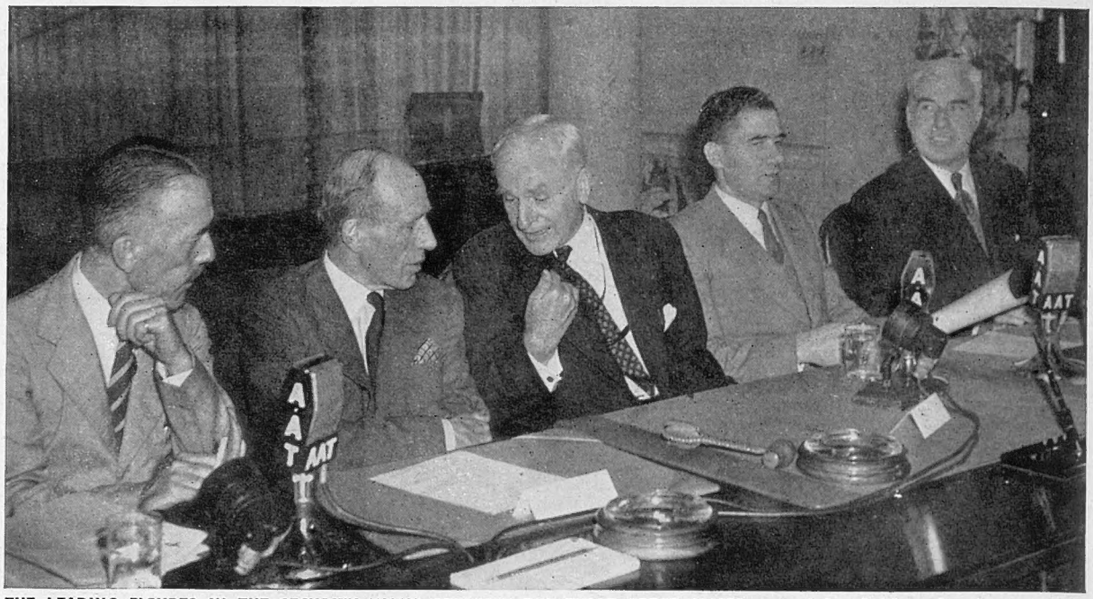
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

September 1943, 1944.—

The tricks of time in war are notorious. Sometimes time seems to stand still while events crowd in. Sometimes time appears to fly by with no events to mark its progress. It is always corrective and often startling to turn back the pages and note where we stood a year ago; and September, a famous month for earthquakes, is a notable month also for startling events in the history of wars. September, one short, long year ago, was ushered in by Mr. Churchill's speech to Canada from Quebec. His theme was the Russian victories towards Smolensk, in the Donetz, at Taganrog. On the 2nd we heard of the invasion of Italy. It was only a year ago! On the 3rd the German Donetz rout began. On the 7th Stalino fell. On the 8th came the unconditional surrender of Italy and the full Russian occupation of the Donbas—a day marked in white chalk. On the 10th Taranto and Mariupol were taken. On the 12th Mussolini was rescued by Hitler. And before the end of the month Smolensk and Pompeii were in Allied hands. The note was hope. We were beginning to grow used to a crowding-in of events, and those for the most part favourable. The clean-up in Africa had disposed our minds to digest good news, and a banquet of it. But the greediest of us did not open our mouths so wide as to swallow in prospect the menu of September 1944. The years of war have been long, long years. We hardly remember what life was like in peace. Yet between September 1943 and 1944 Allied achievements have outrun time and dwarfed the victories of last year. Impossible to believe to-day that in one "short year" from September 1943 more than half the Balkans, most of France, most of Poland and the Baltic States would be clear of the Nazi tyranny; the Nazi armies of France and the Balkans decimated and in rout; their French and Mediterranean naval bases from Havre to Italy all in the bag; Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland eliminated or neutralised, and the last natural sources of oil—the prime means of making war—finally wrested from the Nazis.

War of Movement.—

Only the eye of faith—almost superhuman faith—could have foreseen in September 1943 that in the twelve-month ahead France would be once more in arms as a nation, Paris her seat of Government, her front beyond the Marne solid to the Swiss frontier, solid from the great naval bases on her southern coast, from Spain to Italy; and the frontiers of the Reich proper within reach of the Allied armies on the east and in the west. More than of Time, we ordinary folk needed to adjust our ideas of the possibilities and limitations of Space. For thirty years (in sober fact) we have been preparing our minds very slowly to comprehend the meaning and possibilities of "the war of movement," with modern transport and mechanised armies. The "painful inch" of 1916 has yielded to the regular 25 miles a day of 1944, and it has been a big mouthful to digest. We were men in a dream when the Nazi armies in triumph overran Europe and swept to the gates of Moscow. We gained our comprehension of the possibilities of the war of movement only on the ebb-tide of Hitler's triumphs. Fortunately for us, our Allied leaders, even as they yielded ground and cut their losses, absorbed the lessons to be learned from the lean and dangerous years; and the flood-tide of Allied success to-day sweeps forward before the impulse of their faith and preparation. But you and I still rub our eyes and marvel at the newly-discovered tricks which our calendars and maps play every day with Time and Space.



THE LEADING FIGURES IN THE SECURITY TALKS BETWEEN THE THREE GREAT ALLIES, now being held at Dumbarton Oaks, in Washington. The diplomatic representatives seen here are, left to right, Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Chairman of the British Delegation; Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States; Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, who opened the Session; M. Andrei Gromyko, Soviet Ambassador in Washington and leader of the Russian delegation; and Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, Jnr., U.S. Under Secretary of State and leader of the American delegation. The object of the talks is to decide on the steps to be taken by the Great Powers to maintain peace throughout the world at the conclusion of the present war

Counting Our Blessings.

—Sitting here, thinking and writing, not far away from Culloden Moor, the "sad Drummossie" whereon in forty minutes the "last battle fought on British soil" was lost and won, I contemplated the map of the cockpit of Europe. Day after day now, in our irresistible Allied advance to Berlin, the names which have made history and broken millions of hearts, century after century, from generation to generation, come again into the news. The scenes of Marlborough's wars; Sedan and the war of 1870; the place-names of the Great War of 1914-18, scarred on our hearts and coloured with our blood—Amiens, Peronne, Rheims, Chemin des Dames, the Somme, the Aisne, the Marne, the Meuse. . . . Back and forth, in retreat and in triumphant advance, swiftly, or inch by bloody inch, the nations in arms have fought and died, and the poor folk whose homes were the eternal battleground have been the flotsam and jetsam of the battles. Their homes, villages, towns, farmsteads have been destroyed and ravaged and rebuilt not once nor twice but a dozen times, and they and their children have returned at last to rebuild again in the almost certainty of further destruction. There, in Northern France and Belgium, they have lived and suffered and feared, as men who live under an active volcano, never knowing security, never able to break the memory-link with warfare and ruin. Have we in Britain ever counted our blessings as we should? For 100 years (we may fairly say for nearly a thousand years) we lived immune and secure from the unspeakable horrors of invasion, and there have been times enough when we would hardly sacrifice a needless luxury as the price of further immunity. Even to-day, when London is battered and many of our cities still lie in ruins, that narrow ditch, which separates us from the cockpit, is worth starving for. Do we count our blessings? Do we mean at last to earn and deserve them? Can we again be such fools as to hold them cheap or take them for granted? Still as of old, despite new refinements of blasting projectiles, it is the boot of the invader within the frontier, and not the worst terrors of the foe beyond the moat, which brings to the nations the total curse of war. Only those who are invaded taste the bitter dregs of war. Time and again I have seen those patient peasants of Picardy on the march, back and forth, with a few poor possessions snatched from the ruin of their homes, trudging the *Via dolorosa* in the wake of the armies. Sad Drummossie Moor. . . . It was, and is, a tremendous trifle. We should lay it to our hearts and remember it on our knees. The cockpit of Europe once more is taking the strain and sparing the pleasant land of England.

Government from Rome.

—In the last week of August, there seemed good justification for the plea of certain M.P.s that Parliament should be recalled. Events in France and in the Balkans had raised a surge of hope that the end of Germany was indeed almost within grasp—at any rate, in the near foreground—and in that mood the country found it odd that the Premier and Vice-Premier should both be in Italy, the former on one of his longest absences abroad since war began. Parliament is very much concerned with the *volte-faces* of enemy nations and the acquisition (on terms) of new "Allies," and might reasonably urge that these acquisitions (and terms) should not be left to confirmation by Parliament as *faits accomplis*. The Premier's long sojourn in Italy, of course, produced from the start a crop of rumours, and a rotation of crops. No doubt, with modern communications, Rome was as good a place as London from which a Premier can govern without Parliament, and even take decisions of importance. But Parliament is designed, and concerned, to have a pre-view of, and a free discussion on, major decisions, and when both the Premier and Vice-Premier were known to be together in Italy, a general impression was abroad that the decisive sphere of the moment was, after all, not France, but in the Balkans, the south and the east. No doubt, even with the crushing victories in France, hope outran achievements, incredibly good as these have been. If the need had arisen, Churchill, no doubt, could have breakfasted in Rome and dined in Downing Street, and Parliament could have met the day after, or two days after, his return. If the collapse of Germany were as near as some of our prophets foretold, I cannot believe that London and Parliament would have been so cold-shouldered. But we have faith in our leaders; we can afford to be patient a little longer. The turn of London and Parliament will surely come. Perhaps very soon.

The Darkest Hour for Quislings.—

A Quisling's lot is not a happy one, even at the best of times for Quislings. For conscience does make cowards of us all; and a Quisling never for a moment can forget his treachery, never for a moment can hope for respect or toleration or anything but contempt from his own nation, from the enemy he serves and, above all, for himself. Hitler has long been in hell. But at least he knew the brief delights of a tyrant's heaven. Laval must have merely exchanged one deep hell for a deeper hell ever since he first deliberately and consciously decided to betray his country. "For thirty pieces Judas sold himself, not Christ." And now the darkest hour for all Quislings has dawned. The lowest hell yawns for one and all—the master-Quislings and the little; the collaborators and the weaklings and the amateur strumpets. They are being hunted down, chased, humiliated or exterminated, like rats in a rick. The small fry lose their hair or their shirts and are paraded, bald and naked, through the streets. The bigger fry are hunted down by killers or hauled to gaol by the police to await trial. They have no safe bolt-hole. Like driftwood on a beach, the sea rejects them and the land refuses them. Those who have any pride or self-conceit left to them are in the worst case. The world's scorn sears their souls. Even their killers take them no more seriously than as vermin. They are no longer even mildly dangerous. Hunting them is hardly a sport, barely a necessity. To kill them is a kindness; positive altruism. I cannot imagine a more bitter article in hunted Laval's punishment than the clear proofs that his Nazi masters despise him quite as much as do his own countrymen. Old Pétain was from the first a case of senile decay, a maudlin imbecile. Laval prided himself on abnormal vision and cleverness for the major part of his career as a Quisling. And to-day the world is too small to hold him or hide him.

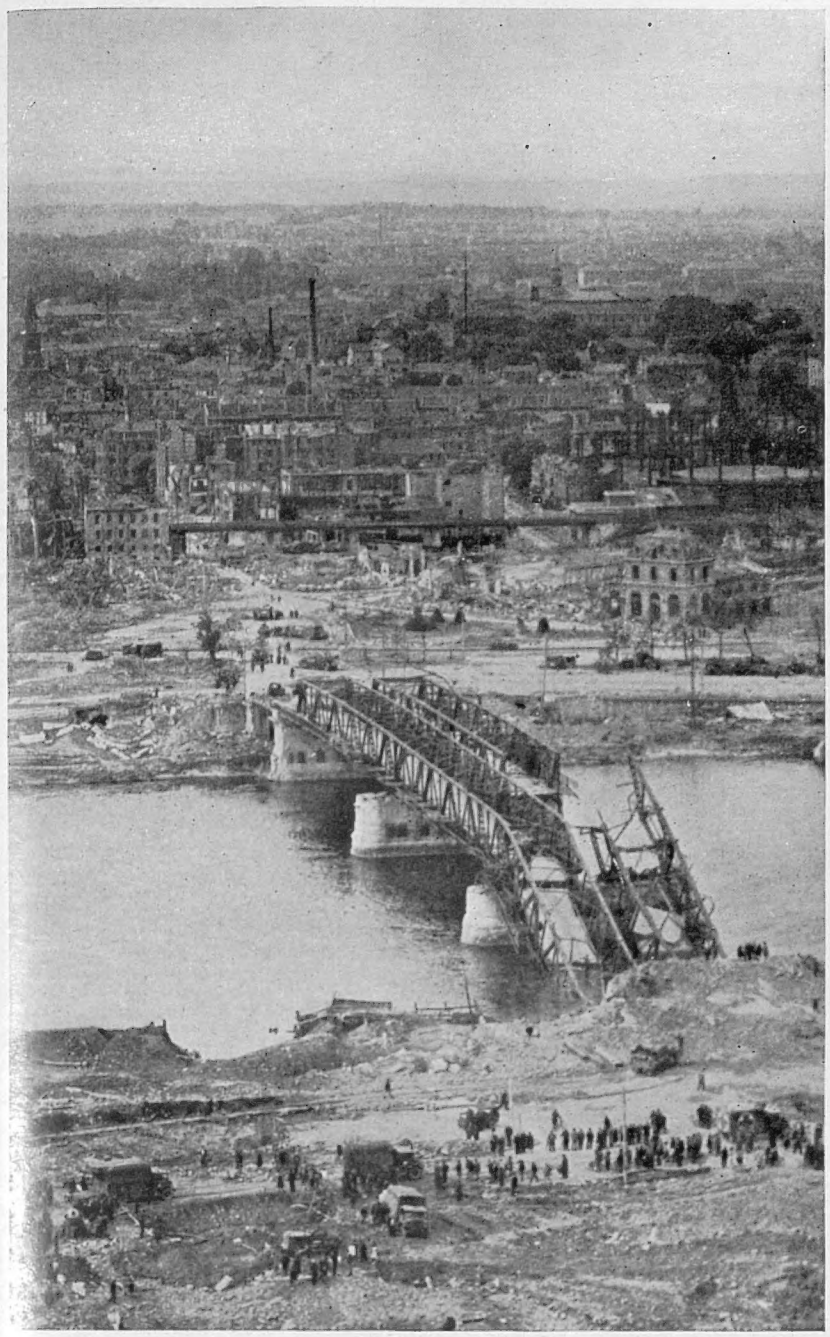
Privilege and Travel.—

A night's discomfort is a small thing when so many millions cheerfully endure constant discomfort and danger. Wartime travel is discouraged, by warning and by experience. The civilian in war takes a back seat (or stands in the corridor), but from that seat or corridor he observes that still as of old the age of privilege is not dead. He sees that money still talks and that authority still recognises class privileges wider than the fighting Services class. Even the civilian, after five years of humble war work, needs a holiday and a change at last, and if he has looked ahead and booked his reservation, it is hard to find himself dispossessed at the last moment because a Civil Servant or a foreign official requires his berth. It is discouraging also to observe that even sitting accommodation can still be bought under the rose, with a judiciously-bestowed bribe to a railway official. Every civilian sees the justice and enjoys the privilege of yielding the places of comfort to the fighting men. But even in wartime he thinks the line of privilege should be drawn sharply there and that there should be fifty-fifty with what remains for all other classes engaged in the struggle for survival. But money still talks and bureaucrats still lie soft in our democracy.

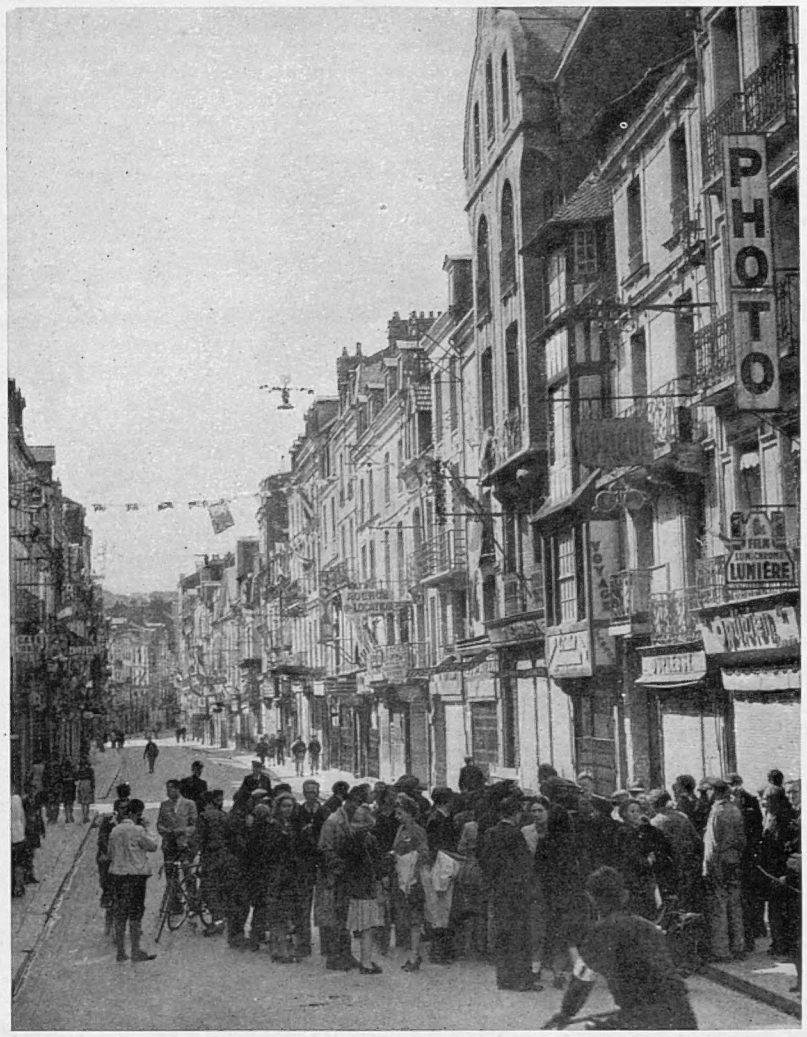
THE OLD STAGER

How the FRENCH TOWNS FELL

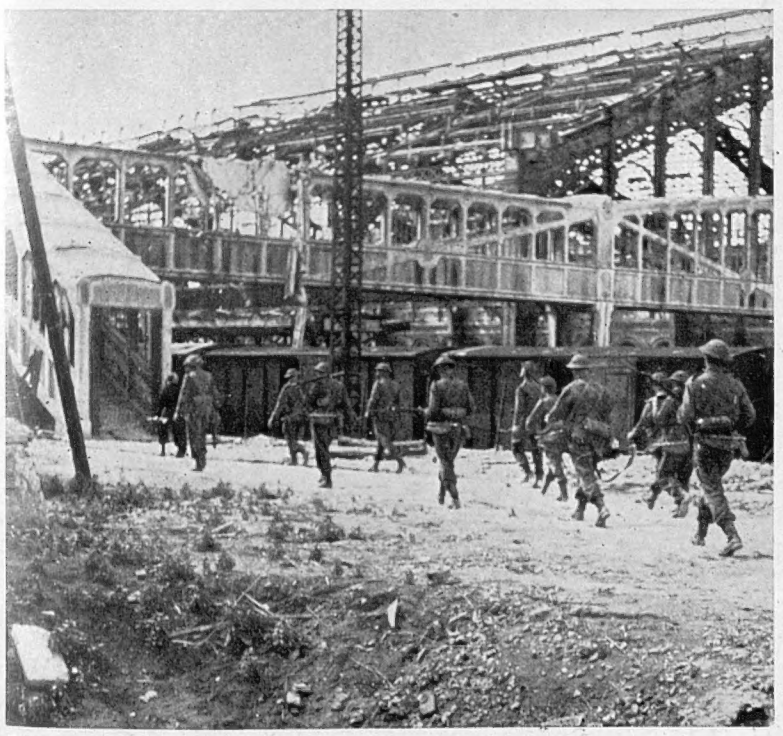
First Pictures of the Allied March into Belgium by Way of the Cities Made Famous in 1914-18



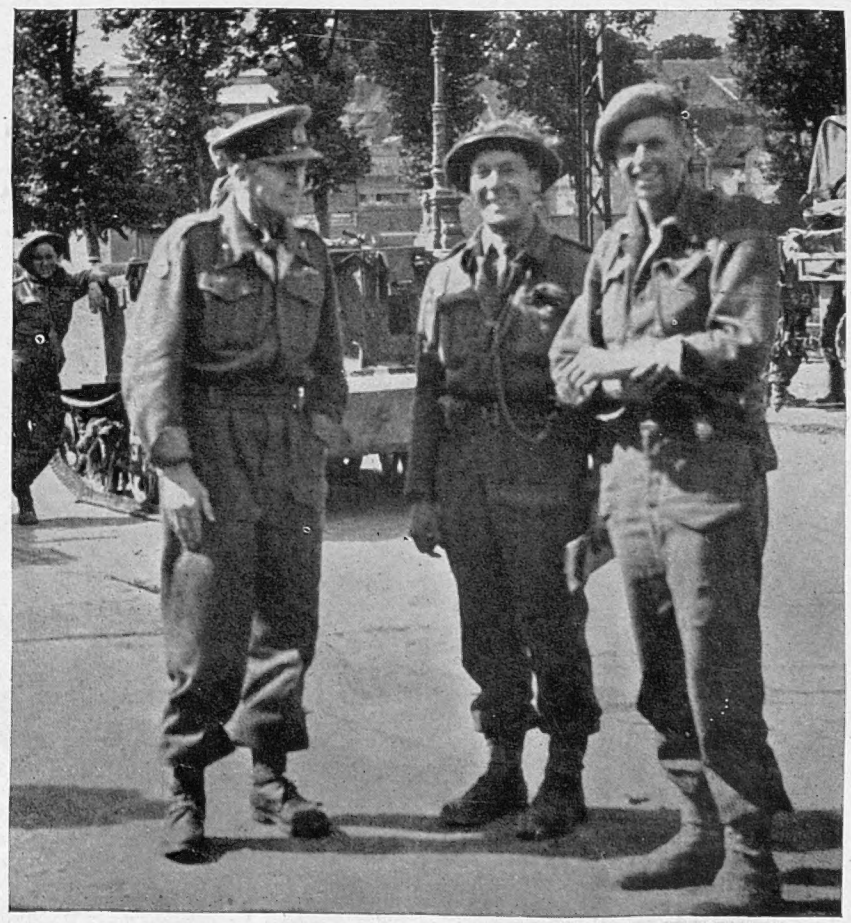
ROUEN—ONE OF THE BRIDGES SMASHED BY THE R.A.F. to prevent the Germans from evacuating their equipment. Rouen is one of the most scarred cities in France. In the days following the Allied landings in Normandy, it was subjected to heavy air attack due to the fact that it was the last point at which the Seine had been bridged: in addition, before leaving the city, the Germans sacked many of the buildings. If the "Gap" saw the end of the German horse transport, Rouen and the banks of the Seine must have been the end of an army's motor transport. For about two miles, the banks of the river are crowded with masses of burnt-out vehicles with about 2,000 dead among it



DIEPPE—THE SCENE IN THE GRANDE RUE AS THE FIRST CANADIAN JEEP ENTERED THE PORT. The excited townsfolk are crowding round to learn the latest news. On September 1 the Canadians entered the town which has such bitter memories connected with the Raid carried out by them on August 19, 1942. As soon as the Germans pulled out, the French began to remove the road-blocks to facilitate the advance of the Canadians, who swept through the port without so much as a halt, on to Abbeville, the next town on the list



ARRAS—BRITISH TROOPS APPROACH THE RAILWAY STATION, which clearly shows the results of Allied bombing. On September 1 this famous town—so well remembered from its role in the last war, when it was virtually destroyed by the Germans—was captured by British troops, who immediately swept on beyond towards Lille and the Belgian border. To-day, the town has again suffered; but this time as a result of the bombing carried out by the Allied Air Forces



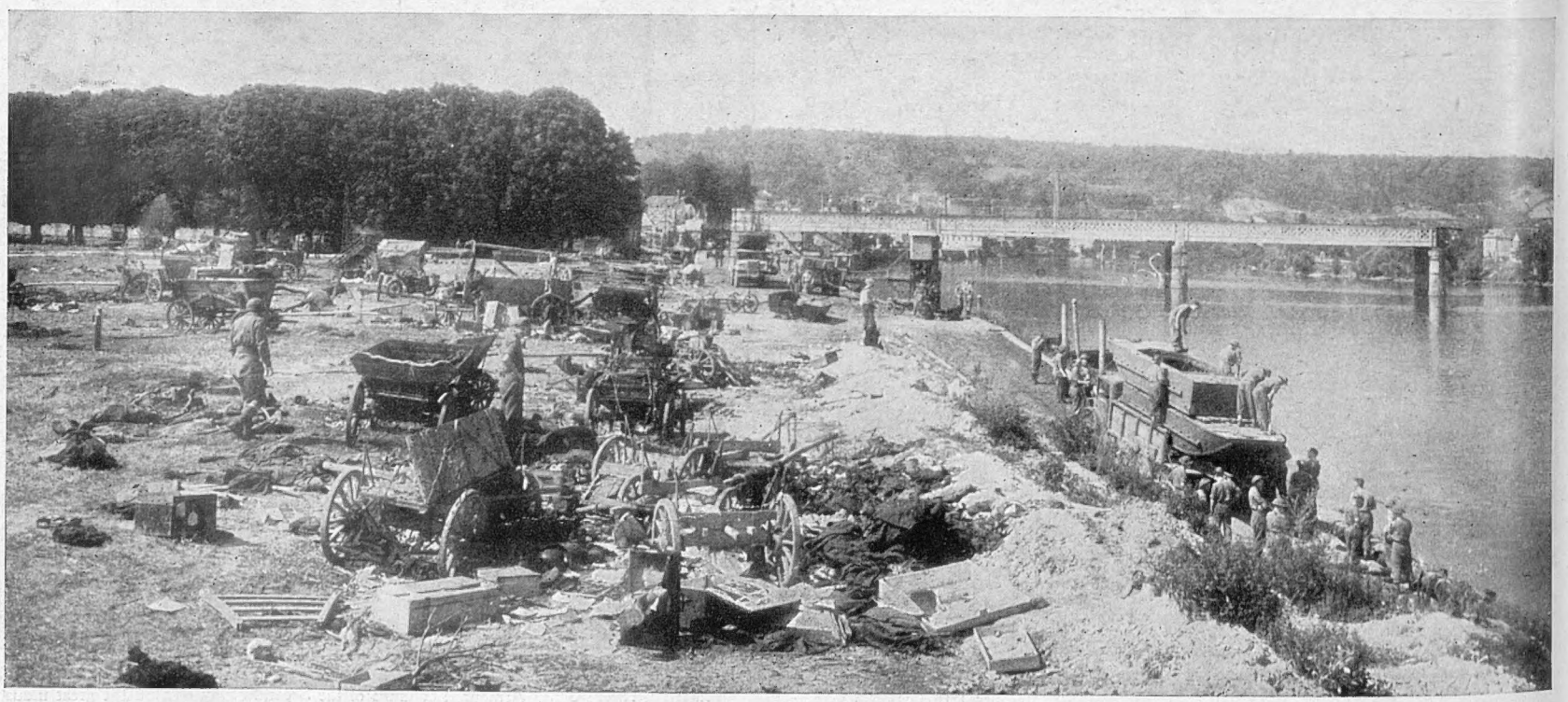
AMIENS—LIEUT.-GENERAL HORROCKS WATCHING BRITISH TROOPS AND TRANSPORT PASSING THROUGH. Armoured columns of the Second Army entered the great industrial and railway centre of Amiens, on the River Somme, on August 31. They had made a non-stop advance of sixty miles in forty-eight hours to achieve this feat. Many German prisoners were taken in consequence, and hundreds of French "collaborationists" were also rounded-up and interned by members of the local Resistance movement

THE RETREAT TO THE SEINE

By the Germans in Rout

Remarkable Pictures of the Manner in which the Nazis Reeled Back in Front of the Advancing Allies

A GERMAN TRAFFIC CROSSING OVER THE SEINE IS SMASHED BY THE R.A.F.: This was one of the routes over the river by which the Germans intended to cross in their frantic withdrawal towards the east. It is the railway bridge at Oissel, south of Rouen: and it was made impassable to rail traffic by the R.A.F. After it had been bombed so that trains could no longer use it, the Germans—in their desperate attempts to cross the Seine with as much wheeled equipment as possible—used the existing eastern span as a road bridge, and built a ramp alongside the wrecked part declining to the western bank. In this photograph, taken from a reconnaissance aircraft of the Second Tactical Air Force, a burning vehicle on the improvised bridge is holding up the whole stream of traffic from the west, while ahead of this the ramp roads and tracks are clear



THESE GERMAN TRANSPORT VEHICLES, MOSTLY HORSE-DRAWN, WERE FOUND WRECKED ON THE VERY BANKS OF THE SEINE AT ELBEUF: they had been packed with supplies and equipment and were all ready to cross over. Note, in this picture, the bridge in the background with the span on the right demolished, probably as the result of attacks by the R.A.F. before the German retreat began

ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE AT ELBEUF, where a vast amount of equipment was abandoned, evidence of the disorderly retreat of the Germans

THE WRECKAGE OF GERMAN TRANSPORT which was found by the roadside at Chambois, seven miles to the north-east of Argentan

The German Army retreating from Normandy towards the Seine found its escape routes a constant target for aircraft of the R.A.F., who carried out an almost non-stop assault on the fleeing armour and vehicles. Allied troops advanced to the river along roads everywhere littered with the debris of German tanks, guns, vehicles and equipment. And when they got to the river banks, the Nazis found that the bridges had all been cut, almost from Paris to the sea—so that the equipment they had managed to save at great cost had, nevertheless, to be abandoned

THE TYPE OF TRANSPORT THE GERMANS ARE USING IN FRANCE. These crude, wheeled carts, built of wood, were horse-drawn. They were probably commandeered owing to the scarcity of motor-vehicles and petrol

A TRIBUTE TO THE ALLIED BOMBING : A German fuel-dump cunningly hidden in the Forest of Evreux, near the Seine. Petrol is becoming increasingly precious to the "Wehrmacht" to-day

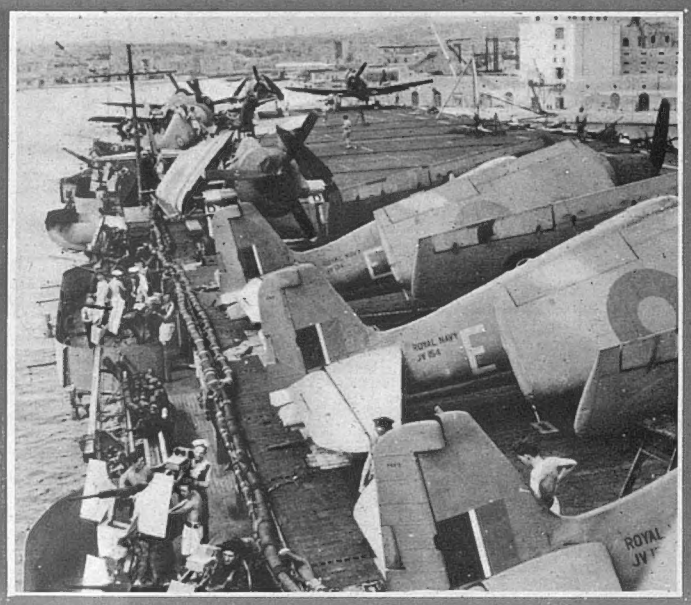
A FERRY TERMINUS ON THE SEINE captured by the British. On August 24, British airborne troops operating as infantry with the Canadian First Army thrust along the coast to Criquebœuf, on the estuary of the Seine and directly opposite Le Havre. By August 28, Allied reconnaissance elements had reached Quillebeuf, the main German escape ferry nearest the sea, having driven from Pont Audemer directly south through Ste. Opportune la Mare. At the ferry terminus at Quillebeuf, and on the roads to it, abandoned German equipment told its own story. At the quayside (above) this abandoned 88-mm. gun was found, together with the horse-drawn guns in the foreground. Behind is the wide River Seine

ON THE FINAL STRETCH TO THE RIVER SEINE. One of the "escape" roads of the Germans littered with transport which they could not ferry across. Many times during this war the Germans have published pictures showing abandoned Russian war material on the Eastern Front. Here is a picture showing Nazi *matériel* abandoned during the precipitate retreat across the Seine. Having brought these vehicles for many weary miles to the very banks of the river, the enemy found they could take them no farther, with the ferries under fire from ground and from air. Similar scenes of confusion and despair were witnessed at many other points where the Seine bridges had been cut by the R.A.F. and the river ferries sunk

THE INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

Incidents Following the Recent Allied Landings Along the Riviera Coastline

THE R.A.F. IN SOUTHERN FRANCE: A Spitfire taxi-ing to a fuelling point in Corsica after a patrol over the landing area. An R.A.F. Squadron based on Corsica provided air cover over the beaches, while other detachments of air crews and ground personnel were transported in invasion craft to the bridgeheads to move inland with the liberating armies



ALLIED NAVAL FORCES ASSEMBLE AT MALTA: A large Task Force of French, British and American ships assembled in the Grand Harbour at Valetta a few days prior to the successful Invasion of the South of France. This picture shows some of the Grumman "Hellcat" aircraft aboard the British escort-carrier *Emperor*, just before the force set out

A SECTION OF THE HUGE FLEET OF 800 ALLIED VESSELS which carried out the invasion. This picture was taken from H.M.S. "Pursuer," one of the aircraft-carriers which escorted the armada to its objectives. Aircraft were flown from the deck of this ship during the complicated operations carried out by the landing forces

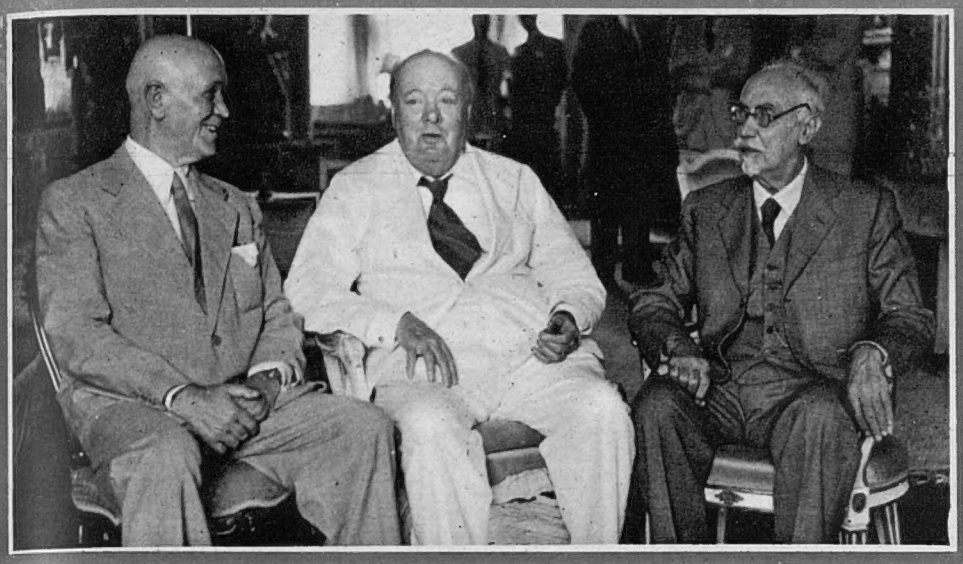
THE SUPREME COMMANDER WITNESSES THE OPERATIONS: General Wilson, Admiral Cunningham and Lieut.-Commander Rylands (of H.M.S. "Kimberley") on the bridge during the passage of the fleet. This picture was taken on the eve of the landings, when the Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean toured the invading fleet as it moved in convoy towards its D-Day objective. The General and the Admiral are on the extreme left of the view

PART OF THE FIRST R.A.F. CONTINGENT TO LAND IN S. FRANCE in an invasion craft on their way to the beaches. These were the men who carried out the servicing of the many British aircraft employed during the invasion

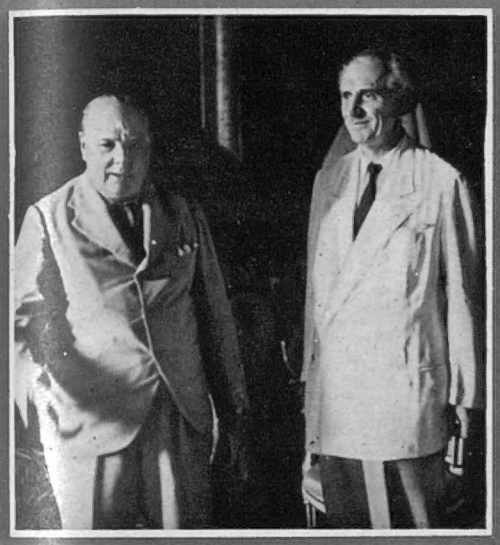
MR. CHURCHILL IS A SPECTATOR as the troops go ashore: On the destroyer *Kimberley*, from whose bridge the Prime Minister viewed the operation. With him were General Somerville (of the U.S. Army) and Mr. R. Patterson (the U.S. Under-Secretary for War). The latter is on the Premier's right, and the General is seated behind the fixed binoculars

THE CAMPAIGN IN ITALY

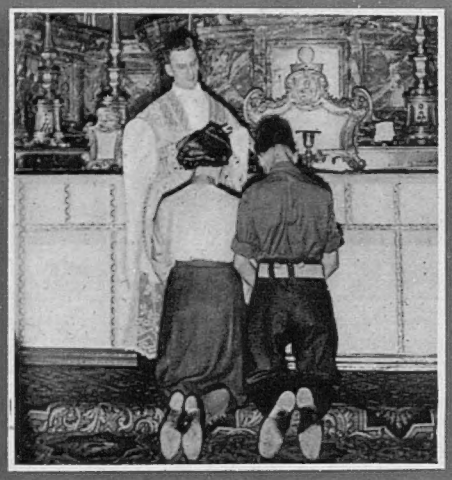
Scenes After the Occupation of Florence and Incidents in the Italian Capital



MR. CHURCHILL MEETS THE ITALIAN PREMIER AND MARSHAL BADOGLIO : On August 22, during his visit to Rome, the Prime Minister had an interview with Signor Ivano Bonomi, Italian Premier, at the British Embassy. Afterwards the two Premiers and Marshal Badoglio (ex-Prime Minister) had luncheon together. In this picture Badoglio is on the left; Bonomi on the right. Later, the Prime Minister also met Prince Umberto, who succeeded his father, Victor Emmanuel



MR. CHURCHILL WITH THE GREEK PREMIER : During the afternoon of August 21, Mr. Churchill met and conferred with M. Papandreou, Greek Prime Minister, in Rome. Here the two are seen together



A BRITISH MILITARY WEDDING IN ST. PETER'S : History was made on August 16 when Private Maureen Blacoe, aged twenty-three, was married to Sergeant Norman Hall, aged twenty-four, in St. Peter's Church in Rome. They were the first British military personnel ever to be married there. The Senior Chaplain to the Forces officiated

MR. CHURCHILL HAS AN AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN : On Wednesday, August 23, the Prime Minister visited the Pope. He was accompanied by Sir D'Arcy Osborne, British Minister to the Holy See. The audience took place in the Pope's private library and lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. Here Mr. Churchill is seen leaving

BRITISH SAPPERS BRIDGE THE RIVER ARNO IN FLORENCE : Before they evacuated the historic city on August 11, the Germans destroyed every bridge but one over the river. British Sappers, however, were soon on the job and they astounded the people of Florence by the speed with which they replaced one of the bridges. The Bailey Bridge which they erected was put up on the pylons of the former Ponte San Trinito in the manner shown in this picture

A.T.S. GIRLS IN ROME at a dance in the Sergeants' Mess of a unit in the capital : Members of the Women's Services are becoming an increasingly familiar sight in the cities and towns of Italy. In Rome, personnel of the A.T.S. are chiefly to be seen. The majority are engaged on clerical duties. The A.T.S. girls in this area are living in a Convent, where lay sisters look after them

THE ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT is now established in Florence : The crowds in a street in the city are here reading General Sir Harold Alexander's various orders. These were posted up following the entry of the first South African units into the outskirts of Florence hard on the heels of the retreating Germans. The whole city is now firmly in Allied hands and under Allied control

TWO MARCHES ON THE RHINE

A Comparison Between the Approach of the Allies Towards Germany in 1918 and the Present Approach Towards the Low Countries

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE German yielding of the Western Front in the first week of November 1918 came as a surprise to the Allied Supreme Command, which had begun preparations for a resumption of the campaign early in 1919. At headquarters in the field, much was the talk about the Antwerp-Meuse Line. It was believed that Ludendorff intended retiring to a shortened, fortified line from Antwerp to Basle.

Starting from neutral Holland at a point that would include the Antwerp defences, the line was expected to pass near Louvain and on to Namur. Here it would strike the Meuse and be continued through the (largely) wooded heights covering the river as far as Verdun, where it would bear east, including Metz, and proceed down through the Vosges mountains (where the line had been almost stationary for four years) to a French suburb of Basle.

Although Hunter Liggett's Second American Army was "all set" to strike in the company of fourteen French divisions towards Metz on November 14, the Supreme Command hardly believed the Antwerp-Basle Line could be ruptured in the approaching winter of customary rain, mud and

THE DUTCH QUISLINGS TRAIN THEIR YOUTH IN THE NAZI MANNER: According to the Germans, this picture shows boys of the Dutch "Jeugdstorm"—equivalent of the Hitler Youth Movement—marching with banners through the streets of Amsterdam. Before the war, the Nazis had many strong supporters in Holland; but the strength of the Resistance Movement has yet to be proved as the Allies approach closer to the Low Countries

A BELGIAN EX-MINISTER IS ARRESTED. M. Henri de Man, former Belgian Cabinet Minister, was arrested a few days ago by the French Forces of the Interior as he was about to cross the frontier into Switzerland. At the beginning of the occupation of Belgium, this man declared openly that he would support Hitler's "New Order"

mist, more especially in view of the numbers the Germans still possessed, and it was with surprise, therefore, that it learnt that Ludendorff proposed throwing in his hand without using it to extend hostilities towards the unknown quantity of another year.

So unanticipated was the end that Foch ordered a week's "breather" before setting out on the Victory March to the Rhine. As viewed at the time, there were several reasons for the six-day marking-time. It enabled the victors to straighten out their huge masses of men and material and to bring up supplies. The French would have a moment in which to organise relief and administration for the 6,000,000 population coming back to them in the northern departments and in Alsace-Lorraine, and the Allies to prepare similar stop-gap measures in respect of a like number of liberated in Belgium and Luxembourg.

The respite was also employed to make sure that the enemy left behind the 5,000 aircraft contracted for, no monkeying with them or smuggling back to Germany; and to clear minefields under German guidance. And a major consideration was that the German High Command had a chance to bring order out of threatened disintegration so that the Fieldgreys should not arrive on the Rhine "so much of a Bolshevik rabble."

On November 17 Foch gave the *en avant*. It was really a converging on Germany of six Allied armies and a bit, some formations having much farther to go than others. A million men were involved. From left to right: two Belgian divisions, the Second and Fourth British Armies, the Fifth French Army, the Third American Army, the Tenth and Eighth French Armies.

Plumer's Second Army had to journey 200 miles from Ghent to Cologne, and Rawlinson's Fourth not much less from Maubeuge. It took them eighteen days. The first week was everything desirable: brilliant autumn weather and a jubilant countryside. But then the weather turned to a steady rain and cold, and the troops, travelling light, drooped in spirit. But hardly a military shot was fired the whole way, though every day hundreds of German guns were taken over.

The Americans had a much shorter distance to go to Coblentz. They numbered 300,000 to our 250,000, but all the Americans did not fetch up. The French, heading for Mainz, were over 400,000, and they all *did*. The rest were Belgians aiming for Düsseldorf. But rather let us glance at the decamping Fieldgreys who had been allowed time to shake themselves together.

A week before, they looked to be in full dissolution, their war-lord a sorry fugitive, their country seemingly holding nothing for them but chaos. But now it is very different. Hindenburg, of massive character, has managed to pull together that host which once set out to a fresh and joyous war and was in danger of returning from it so many anarchist bands. The routed German Army is in orderly column of march once more, winding its way back, a stipulated 6¼ miles ahead of us, at the rate of 20 miles in the 24 hours, chiefly by night marches. Two night marches, then 24 hours' rest.

As the Fieldgreys continued into the Fatherland, it was gradually borne in upon them that they were not a beaten host at all. They marched through towns and villages bedecked with flowers and flags and beneath evergreen arches erected in their honour. They were given food and boots. They were waved on their way. In Cologne, there swung across the Domplatz a great banner proclaiming "Germany's River and Cathedral Greet the Hero Bands." A good deal of this welcome-home business was done to propitiate the marchers, to steer them off looting, to keep them "grey," for Cologne was only just through a spell of "red" Spartacist anarchy. Yet it was to leave an indelible imprint.

The same with the Americans who watched Marwitz's Fifth Army withdrawing under glowing banners through Luxembourg and up the Moselle Valley. On Berlin's instructions, Marwitz's officers told the German population to smile upon the Americans, to cultivate their good graces "for the good of the Fatherland" and because it would bring "tip-top food." The Americans, they were nonplussed. What did it all mean—the smiles and the mighty fit folk going about their business as if without a care? *Why had the Heinies quit?*

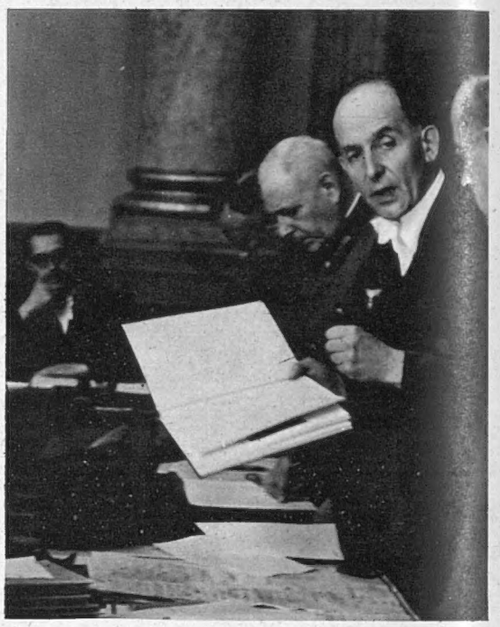
The German Generals quitted so as to preserve the name and cadres of the Army; that we have long known. But bear in mind that many leading Germans besides Hitler were bitterly critical when they got to know that the Allies had fully expected Ludendorff to prolong the war by a year, thanks to the Antwerp-Meuse Line. Less exacting terms had been missed by premature yielding!

There is now nothing to detain Hitler in Northern France, Belgium and Holland, except their propinquity to London for the launching of his "retribution weapons." The best remaining line giving him maximum launching is the Somme-Chemin des Dames-Sedan-Maginot Line-Vosges-Mulhouse, but the Americans are already pressing on it from Soissons, while Montgomery may be close to the Pas de Calais when this appears. If pressed back, the Germans might rely on the difficult country of "the old front line," Dunkirk to Lens and then over to the Meuse at Sedan. This would give all the Belgian and Dutch coasts for launching.

Or the Germans might fall back on the Antwerp-Meuse-Basle Line which they so regretted after 1918. It all depends on the range of the robots—whether they could be effectively launched from behind a line Antwerp-Namur. The wooded Ardennes are, in particular, an ideal launching region, while I seem to recall the Germans having long prepared a defence pivot in this Namur country.

It all depends on the range of the robots and on the nearness to London which the Germans must maintain for the employment of such other "punishments" as they may be feverishly completing. The more Intelligence knows of V weapons, the more it can read German strategy in the west. Reports from Germany blithely say Rommel's two armies, Blaskovitz's divisions and Himmler's S.S. reserve army are going to defend a new German line—perhaps an attempted intertwining of the Maginot with the Siegfried and then along the River Scheldt, leaving Holland as launching ground. Nazi "mouthpieces" say Germany must fight on in order to try and break the Allied will to annihilate the German people.

Well, this much is assured in advance. When the moment comes for moving to the Rhine, the Allies will accord no "breather" either to themselves or to the enemy. Pursuing divisions can now operate as self-sufficing entities without waiting on the piling-up of general supplies, and there will be no call to mark time while relief is prepared. Civil Affairs and the F.F.I. will see to that on the instant. Neither will there be a stop for spit and polish, preparatory to a parade march.



"THE PLOTTERS OF JULY 20 BEFORE THE PEOPLE'S COURT." The President of the Court "shows the judges documentary pictures of the place of crime"—so runs the German caption to this picture, which thus implies that the President was not so impartial as Presidents are usually supposed to be! Needless to say, all the "plotters" were condemned. Since this trial, however, repercussions in Germany have been such that the Nazis have not yet staged further trials of other plotters in public, despite their announcement that they would do so

Rather should it more resemble a Patton rush, with the German Army remnants slashed through and isolated, boxed and pocketed, and later rounded up and put in prisoners' cages. The Americans will not again sit for a week fishing opposite the Germans on the Moselle, as they did in 1918 in order to allow the British to draw level from distant Ghent.

We have a firm lesson to learn from that procession to the Rhine in wake of the Germans a generation ago.

Such Germans as reach the Rhine will do so as anarchist bands, fanatical young Nazis striving to link up with their Führer's promised underground war-after-war. In room of the smiling welcome of yore, they 'll dart through the ruins of once-proud German cities. We shall not care what kind of rabble they present. The thirty French divisions which followed the Germans last time to the Rhine had the right idea. Figuratively, they kept a whip upheld for any nonsense. I don't know what has become of Giraud's promise to lead 300,000 to Metz and to meet Eisenhower there. But the more French divisions given a place in the final surge, the better for Franco-British relations and, through them, for the peace of Europe.

ROCKET PROJECTORS ARE AMONG THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPONS which now prevent numbers of flying bombs launched by the enemy from reaching their objectives. This drawing shows the appearance of the rockets in the night sky just after they have been launched—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy*

THE SCENE AS THE ROCKETS EXPLODE. Soon after the shells have been launched they explode in a shower of sparks, much in the same fashion as the bunches of rockets discharged during a peace-time "Brock's Benefit"—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy*

THE FLYING BOMB

The Capture of a Bomb Launching Site in Normandy; and Drawings of the Rocket Shells which Bring the Bombs Down Over England

Rocket shells are being launched against the flying bombs on their way across Southern England. That may be no news to people living on the route from the coast to London: for some time past they have been witnessing the wonderful pyrotechnic displays in the night sky. For the benefit of those who have not seen them, however, we reproduce the two drawings given here. The rockets are, of course, much more spectacular when their displays are not obscured by clouds: the whole succession of effects can scarcely be included in one drawing, and they are therefore halved in the two pictures above. Naturally, these effects can only be seen in succession.

The first shows the shells soon after launching from their projectors. The first intimation of firing is the sudden swelling-up of a large orange glow behind the roofs. This "envelope" is instantly mantled in a myriad of tiny glowing sparks. As these fall away the gleaming plumes of the actual propelling rockets in the tails of the shells are seen soaring upwards.

The second drawing shows the remainder of the rocket shells' spectacular performance, and the manner in which they cover a whole area of the sky. The shells fan out from the projectors to cover a considerable width

A FIGHTER AIRCRAFT CHASES A FLYING BOMB. This unusual picture (just released by the Censors) was made on D-Day by an American Colonel flying over the Channel. It shows a bomb (on the left) being chased by a plane in the direction of England. The flying bomb was new when this picture was taken, and it was regarded lightly at the time. It has since proved that it is not to be dismissed with a jest

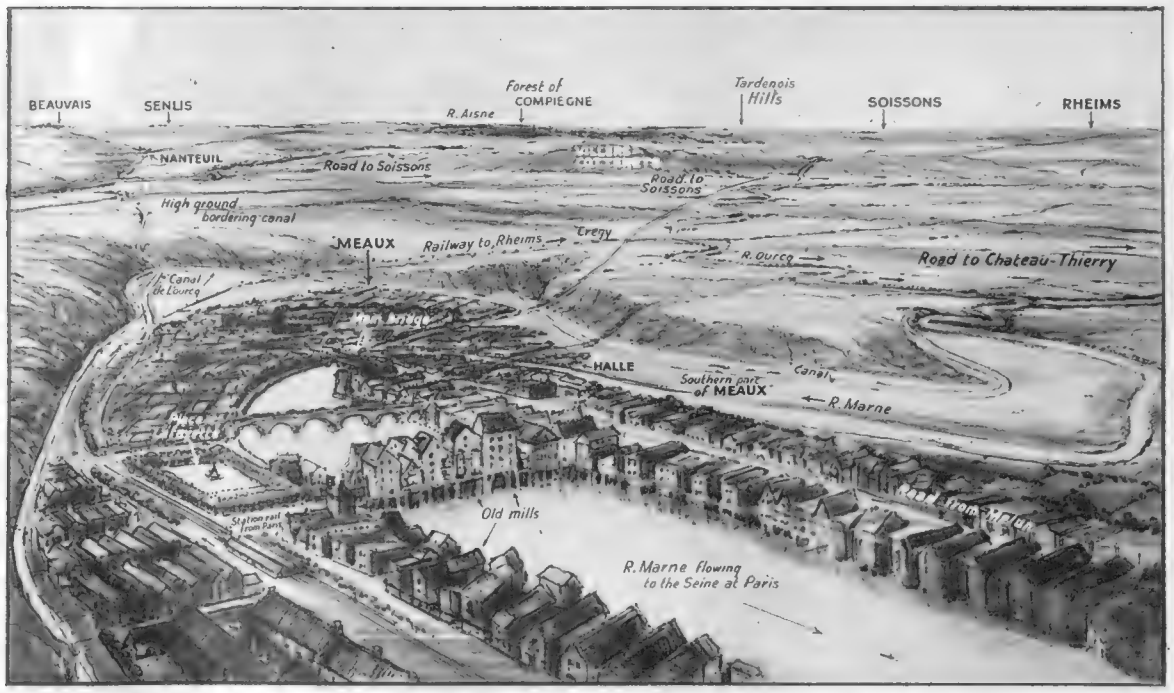
THE CAPTURED BOMB-SITE AT BRETTEVILLE: A concrete platform under camouflage nets, used at the moment as a resting-place for French refugees and their wagons. The runway itself is about 50 ft. long, with a distance of about 2 ft. 6 ins. between the launching "rails"

POSSIBLY A SHELTER for the German operator who releases the flying bomb. The walls are about 30 ins. thick, and the building is some 30 yards from the actual runway

PRESUMABLY STORAGE SHEDS intended to house components of flying bombs. The R.A.F. officer examining the buildings is talking to some of the Dutch labourers who were engaged on the site and who remained in the district after the Germans left

What is believed to be a flying-bomb installation has just fallen into Allied hands during the rapid advance of the armies towards the River Seine. It is at Bretteville, near Lisieux, and was found to be in a partially-completed state. The various concrete works and buildings cover a wide area in the woods and orchards surrounding a château. French residents of the latter state that work was begun on the site in April last and that the Germans brought in some 200 Dutchmen as labourers: they also state that, immediately after the invasion of Normandy, work on the site ceased and the majority of the Dutch labourers were then removed. Several were harboured by the French, however, and are still living in the neighbourhood

WITHIN THE "KILLING AREA" AROUND ARGENTAN AND THE FALAISE GAP, WHERE THE GERMAN ARMY SUFFERED ITS BIGGEST DEFEAT SINCE STALINGRAD. The scene during the annihilation of the enemy columns which attempted to break through the gap on the way back to the River Seine as the Allied guns bombarded the road leading towards the east. The zone entered by this road passed through Gouffern Wood, quickly dubbed by the Allies the "killing area." It was here that most of the destruction amongst the Germans was wrought by Allied guns of all calibre—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*



THE POINT AT WHICH THE ALLIES REACHED THE RIVER MARNE at the picturesque town of Meaux—*Drawing by Percy Home*

During the last few days of August, Allied forces were pressing forward east of Paris in the direction of the River Marne, scene of dramatic fighting during the Great War of 1914-18. Like the Seine, this is one of the winding rivers of France; and Meaux lies on both sides of it, on one of the sharpest bends of the twisting stream. The main road from the south and west enters the town and the narrow spit of land enclosed between the two stretches of the Marne. The market quarter is situated at the northern end of this tongue, and an old bridge carries the road into the heart of the town's main portion to the north. The main railway station, connecting Meaux with Paris and Soissons, lies to the west. The cathedral appears picturesquely over the trees of the neighbouring square, but the most arresting feature of Meaux is the collection of old mills, built partly on a bridge and partly along the shore. At one time all the bridges had these mills. Surrounding the town on the north is the Canal de l'Ourcq, another stream famous in 1914-18. The roads to the north lead to Nanteuil Senlis and the hills guarding the Aisne Valley. Names like Villers-Cotterets and the Forest of Compiegne are again coming into the news

KILLING AN ARMY

The Destruction of Von Kluge's Forces in Normandy

—Special Sphere Drawings

***On right*—AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE DURING THE DEFEAT OF VON KLUGE'S ARMY: The surrender of Germans on a large scale on all the corridors leading to the east**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

From all the woods and ditches and hedges, the infantrymen came out to surrender when they realised that they had been trapped in the great "killing pocket" around Falaise and Argentan. They made a curious collection—"Germans and Mongolians, S.S. men and ordinary infantry of the line, cooks, bakers, clerks and stretcher-bearers." They were entirely surrounded and cut off from every possibility of supply. It was the first time such a scene had been witnessed on the Western Front in this war

THE ENTRY INTO LISIEUX, captured by the Canadians on August 22: Through this town the Allied armies approached Rouen frontally, whilst other forces came up from the south-east. It was taken by the Canadians, who, at this point, were almost in sight of the great harbour of Le Havre. As soon as Lisieux had fallen, streams of British soldiers poured into the town. This picture shows the armour climbing the hill past the famous Basilica of St. Thérèse to chase the last Germans out. Lisieux is an ancient town with many old and historic buildings: its capture lent impetus to the Allied pursuit of von Kluge's beaten army. It was in this town that St. Teresa of Lisieux died in 1897: her canonisation took place in 1925, and the Basilica seen above perpetuates her memory

RUNNING INTO DANGER: An empty road ahead, an uncrushed fallen bough near its verge, not a soul in sight—it is time to turn back! It is here that danger lies, maybe from a group of concealed snipers waiting for just such an opportunity. . . .

WAR CORRESPONDENTS on the NORMANDY BATTLEFIELD

Who Carry Out Their Front-line Duties under the Enemy's Fire

—Sketches Specially done by Edward Osmond

The part played by war correspondents on the Normandy battlefields has been a great one. It is through their efforts that the public at home have received an insight into the nature of the sanguinary battles in which our troops have been involved: but their work has been carried out under difficult conditions, and often at considerable risk, as the casualty lists (greater than in any other previous war) demonstrate.

Frequently, a correspondent's day is spent in careering over the whole countryside in pursuit of the armies ahead. It may be that, after a peaceful run of several miles, a couple of correspondents (they usually work in pairs), will suddenly find things in front of them a little *too* quiet. No machine-gunners in the hedges or Bren-gun carriers working ahead—only a long, straight road with *nothing* upon it. They look at the road for signs of recent traffic—it is time to turn back! It is here that one may run into a group of snipers. . . .

At other moments they may have to reach a certain position; but the intervening roadway is under fire. There is nothing for it but a dash down the exposed strip. Often a correspondent's jeep has been seen tearing down the road, with the occupants' heads well down. . . . The art of leaving a jeep rapidly has been practised on many occasions. . . . A little later, odd parcels of Germans may be giving themselves up. Here is what one correspondent wrote: "I got involved in one of these situations myself. As I approached the River Dives across the meadows, two gaunt, uniformed grey-green figures rose from the deep grass on the farther bank. Their hands went up and we parleyed across the stream. They claimed to be Russians and probably were. They said they were afraid to cross the river for fear of being shot once they fell into our hands. And it was very difficult to persuade them to the contrary."

The war correspondents have already become experts in "town-welcome technique"; they now know how to meet the exuberance of the liberated inhabitants. They even on occasions have addressed local assemblages on the question of the handling of French "collaborationists"

So many German units have been isolated that war correspondents, racing in jeeps to catch up, have already had narrow escapes. To avoid being fired on, the jeeps tear over the deserted roads at top speed, with the correspondent and driver crouching low in the vehicle

"This," said the tank commander to one war correspondent in a Normandy village, "is the front line. There is nothing between us and the Germans. We are waiting for our anti-tank guns to come up and take over before we push on"

"As I approached the River Dives," wrote Christopher Buckley, "across the meadows, two gaunt, uniformed grey-green figures rose from the deep grass on the farther bank. Their hands went up and we parleyed across the stream. They claimed to be Russians"

EVIDENCE OF THE FIGHT PUT UP BY THE FRENCH FORCES OF THE INTERIOR before the city of Paris finally fell. These barricades had been erected as the news of the proximity of the Allies reached the patriots: they then produced their hidden arms and engaged the Germans in guerilla warfare at many points. Public buildings, particularly in the Ile de la Cité, were seized, and the Parisians were assisted by the gendarmes

The LIBERATION of PARIS

—*A Special* Sphere *Section*

Depicting the Events Which Led Up to the Seizure of the City on Friday, August 25, and the Scenes Which Attended the Entry of the Allies

(These are the first pictures to be received direct from the Capital since the fall of France in June 1940)

DURING THE BATTLE FOR THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. Young men of the F.F.I. open fire on the German garrison. These partisans are mostly young men, as the fighters of France are still in internment camps in Germany

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE MOVEMENT are firing at roofs and windows behind which German snipers are concealed. This building held a nest of the enemy whom the partisans were trying to eject from their stronghold

ARMOURED CARS LEAD MEN OF THE F.F.I. TOWARDS THE CHAMBER. This was an incident during the final liberation of the city, when a stiff fight took place between the patriots and 500 Germans who had barricaded themselves within the building on the Quai d'Orsay. The armoured cars had entered the city overnight. Later, the Germans in the Chamber were forced to come out and surrender

ON THE HUNT FOR GERMAN SNIPERS. Lorries and taxis were commandeered for the purpose, and Paris gendarmes joined in the chase. This picture was taken in the famous Rue de Rivoli, when the struggle against the Germans was nearing its end and the Paris crowds were again thronging the streets

The Liberation of Paris (continued)

THE ENTRY OF THE ALLIES

The City Turns Out to Welcome the Forces of Liberation

THE ALLIED COLUMNS MOVE UP TO THE CENTRE OF THE CITY. The welcome by the French populace was terrific. There were thousands of people, all in holiday dress and crowding the streets and boulevards all the way. It was slow going, and every time the column halted flowers were thrown up to the soldiers. The first troops to enter were the Second French Armoured Division, commanded by General Leclerc

PARTISANS SURROUND THE ALLIED ARMOUR AS IT ENTERS PARIS. This is a picture taken from a Mosquito of the R.A.F. Film Production Unit, which flew at rooftop height over the city on August 25 to photograph scenes as the Allies entered

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL DE VILLE: Civilians and troops mingle to celebrate the freeing of the city from Nazi occupation. American vehicles had by this time joined the French: the citizens, including some girls in traditional Alsatian costume, swarmed all over the tanks and lorries drawn up in the big square near the Seine. But at this very moment, in other parts of the city, a grim hunt for enemy snipers was going on

GENERAL LECLERC DRIVES INTO PARIS IN A JEEP. He led his Armoured Division down the Grande Rue Aristide Briand, the Boulevard Respail and into the Boulevard Montparnasse. During this drive three grenades were flung at his jeep by a German sniper from a building along the route

BRITISH CARS ARE SURROUNDED BY CHEERING CROWDS ON ONE OF THE BOULEVARDS, AND NEARLY EVERY HAND IS UPRAISED IN GREETING. All the shops had been closed, and there was no traffic apart from military vehicles in the streets. The route by which the Allied columns entered the city was crowded, and progress was often slow. It is interesting to note in the above picture the announcement above the entrance to the big corner store which states that "opening shortly, 100,000 chemises" will be available for sale to the public—a considerable figure for just one store in a city which has been occupied by the enemy for the past four years!

HOW THE MEN OF THE CAPITAL WELCOMED THEIR LIBERATION WITH BANNERS—an impressive demonstration in the path of the Allies. The smaller banners bear legends such as "Vivent les Allies!", "Vive de Gaulle!", "Adhérez à Liberation!": they were borne by youths or middle-aged men past military age, because most of France's fighting men have been held for more than four years in prisoner-of-war camps in Germany. This immense concourse had been organised by the Resistance Forces within the city who spontaneously rose against the Nazis as the Allies approached nearer and nearer to the capital

THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, WITH THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE IN THE DISTANCE—ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS THOROUGHFARES IN THE WORLD. And it now displays the Union Jack, as a jeep with three British soldiers drives down its length. The city has become tranquil again after the thrill of liberation: but not a taxi or non-military vehicle is in view. Instead, the Parisians cycle: thousands of them adopted this method during the first bitter months of occupation, and they have not abandoned it, owing to the scarcity of petrol—and motor-cars. This historic avenue is quite unscarred by war, and its trees (remembered so keenly by British visitors to the capital) are now in full leaf

The Liberation of Paris (continued)

PARIS IS FREE AGAIN!

The Men and Women of the Capital Celebrate their Liberation

A FRENCH SOLDIER FROM ENGLAND IS CHEERED BY HIS COMPATRIOTS. The delight of the Parisians at their deliverance was conveyed by scenes like this all over the city. Wherever a tank or jeep stopped, immediately a crowd of cheering men and women surrounded it

GREETING THE ARRIVAL OF THE ARMOURED COLUMNS. Men, women and children crowd round the tanks as they pass through to the centre of the city. Elsewhere, at the same moment as this picture was being taken, grimmer scenes were being enacted as German soldiers and French "Quislings" were rounded up by the members of the F.F.I. and carried off to police stations to await trial for their misdeeds

SMILING FACES EVERYWHERE. ALLIED FORCES ARE ON THE MOVE, HENCE THE BEAMING SMILES AND THE V-SIGNS. This happy picture well displays the chic for which the Parisiennes have always been famous: not even the bitterness of defeat four years ago has prevented them from maintaining their traditional smartness and elegance. Every woman above is wearing a badge, or rosette, or tiny flag, to indicate her adherence to the National Resistance Movement—which, finally, has triumphed over the Nazis throughout the whole of France

THE WOMEN OF PARIS TURN OUT IN FORCE TO GREET GENERAL DE GAULLE: A SCENE ALONG THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES. Despite four years of enemy occupation, the women and girls of Paris are as gay and chic as ever they were. Most seem to be well dressed and well fed: many of them boast articles of apparel and adornment almost unknown in wartime England. Taking advantage of the sunshine, they spent the days of liberation on the boulevards, cheering time and time again as Allied leaders and armoured columns passed by

A TUMULTUOUS RECEPTION FOR THE AMERICAN FORCES. An unscarred street with shuttered shops, a well-dressed crowd of many thousands overflowing into the side streets, upraised hands, even miniature American flags brought out of hiding, greet the mechanised columns of General Patton's Army as they enter the city in the wake of the French

CAPTURED GERMANS BEING TAKEN TO A POLICE STATION. In the midst of the celebrations, a lorry passes through the crowd: on it are Germans with hands raised in surrender. The crowd turn to gaze on their erstwhile masters—and then return to cheer the Allies. Many scenes like the above were witnessed during the crowded hours of the liberation of Paris

The Liberation of Paris (continued)

The FINAL SCENES of FIGHTING

And the Rounding-Up of Batches of German Officers

THIS WAS A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE STREETS OF THE CAPITAL as the German garrison of about 10,000 soldiers surrendered to the French and American forces. The prisoners were compelled to march with hands above their heads, and many of the guards were armed patriots of the French Forces of the Interior. In the background of this picture a fire caused by the fighting is seen raging

A SCENE WITNESSED ALL OVER PARIS during the last hours of the Germans. This officer has come out to surrender. His large white flag is prominently displayed, to prevent an over-enthusiastic patriot from mistaking the reason for his presence!

ROUTING THE GERMANS OUT. Nazi snipers (wearing a uniform usually denoting a paratroop) are brought out by armed patriots. Many of these men were abject enough, after years of arrogant behaviour during the German occupation. Note the serviceable-looking revolvers carried by the civilians

THIS IS (OR RATHER, WAS) A FIGHTING GERMAN, not a member of one of the many German "Commissions": he was captured whilst engaged in sniping at civilians during the spasmodic fighting before the final liberation of the capital. That is the reason for the clenched fist on the left. In defeat, this Nazi presents an abject appearance as he is marched off by the tough-looking Frenchman who secured his capture

GENERAL VON CHOLTITZ, THE FORMER COMMANDANT OF PARIS, after his surrender to the Allied troops. His guard is composed of American soldiers. With him, large numbers of other officers and thousands of the Nazi rank and file were taken prisoners

GERMAN COLONELS AND CAPTAINS WERE AMONG THE PRISONERS TAKEN IN PARIS. Before the liberation they were important people, accustomed to obedience from the unhappy Parisians. After being rounded-up from hotels, offices and billets, they were transported to a place where they would be safe from the vengeance of their former victims. Many of the Nazis were elderly or otherwise unfit for active service

A GERMAN OFFICER CARRIES THE WHITE FLAG: During the battle for the Chamber of Deputies' building, on the Quai d'Orsay (where over 500 Germans had barricaded themselves in), a German officer came out under a white flag to discuss the surrender. He was escorted from the scene of battle by a French officer and members of the F.F.I. to Headquarters. On his return, still under the white flag, he persuaded the Nazi garrison to give up the hopeless struggle and surrender to the Allies

THE NAZIS IN DEFEAT: HIGH-RANKING GERMAN OFFICERS, SEIZED BY THE FREE FRENCH TROOPS WHICH LIBERATED THE CAPITAL, are lodged in a corridor of the Hotel Majestic, which, in the days of the Nazi occupation, served as Headquarters for the Wehrmacht. Many of them (as their general appearance indicates) were not fighting soldiers, but administrative officers: many scores of them surrendered gladly, and others were collected from all parts of the city. In the confused fighting just before the liberation of the city, a number of Nazi officers and officials were killed by the members of the Resistance Movement

THIS WAS A FRENCHMAN who betrayed his country by "collaborating" with the Germans. He was stripped of his trousers and shoes, and his face bore the marks of blows inflicted during the riot which accompanied his arrest. He was eventually saved from the angry Parisians by members of the F.F.I., who then took him into protective custody

The Liberation of Paris (continued)

The PUNISHMENT of the QUISLINGS

The Paris Crowd Turns on the Men and Women Who Sold Themselves to the Germans

THE INCIDENT AT THE NOTRE DAME THANKSGIVING SERVICE. When General de Gaulle attended the Cathedral for a special service on the day after the liberation, a band of Darnand's pro-Nazi police opened fire on men of the F.F.I. Troops of the French Armoured Division who were forming the guard of honour had to break up and take part in the "battle." It was another case of "collaborationist" versus patriot. This picture shows one of the women victims being carried away from the scene of the fighting by a member of the F.F.I.

BOTH THESE WOMEN WERE ACCUSED OF SHAMEFUL ACTS during the German occupation. Their dresses were torn off their backs, their hair was clipped off and swastikas were painted on their foreheads. Then, barefooted, they were marched through the streets followed by a jeering crowd

R-BOATS AND E-BOATS WHICH ATTEMPTED TO GET AWAY AFTER SHELTERING IN BOULOGNE HARBOUR are attacked by R.A.F. bombers by night in the English Channel—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The GERMANS ATTEMPT to ESCAPE by SEA

Scenes in the Channel as the Royal Navy and R.A.F. Frustrate the Nazi "Dunkirk"

Strong forces of light warships, including E-boats and R-boats, found to be evacuating from Le Havre and making towards Boulogne, were relentlessly pursued and bombed recently as they attempted to escape from the advance of the Allies along the Normandy coast. Vessels which sought the shelter of Boulogne Harbour, and then attempted to make a get-away to the north-east, were compelled under fire from our aircraft to return to port. None of the E-boats and R-boats made any attempt to attack our convoys: they were chiefly concerned in trying to make good their own escape.

An Avenger which attacked one of a force of E-boats reported seeing bombs burst on its starboard beam. Hits were later observed on one of the vessels. Some unidentified ships, possibly corvettes, were attacked by another aircraft, which secured a direct hit on one of them. This was followed by a large explosion and an intense fire.

Some of the German coastal craft are fitted with the Voight-Schneider propeller, which is totally unlike the orthodox marine propeller. It consists, in effect, of a turntable under the vessel's counter, fitted with a series of vertical blades which are capable of being "feathered." It gives excellent manœuvrability, but is highly complicated and susceptible to damage

THE LITTLE BOATS WHICH GUARD THE CHANNEL and convoy the supply ships. The guns of an M.T.B. ready for action: Conveying an Army with its supplies across the Channel was no easy task: now that it is over, a continual guard has to be maintained by the Light Coastal Forces over the supply convoys. The constant traffic of ships to and from Normandy necessitates that these little vessels should be always on the scene. It is, in large measure, due to their constant watch that the daily landings in France are made without "incident"

ONE OF THE FAST AND HARD-HITTING BRITISH M.T.B.s which are now maintaining constant patrols in the English Channel

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENEMY'S SHIPPING ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE CHANNEL: Little ships of the Royal Navy attacking a German convoy off the Corbiere Light near the Channel Islands, a place of very strong currents—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Attacks by the Navy's "little ships" off Jersey and Le Havre have been mentioned of late in General Eisenhower's communiques from France. Patrol boats, during an offensive operation off Jersey recently, encountered a south-bound German convoy off Corbiere in low visibility in the early morning. One enemy vessel was hit by a torpedo and one other damaged by gunfire before the convoy escaped. This is the action depicted by our naval artist in the drawing above. Shortly after daylight (on the same day), with visibility further reduced by fog, other P.T. boats actually entered the roadstead of St. Helier and attacked two M-class minesweepers with gunfire. By such methods the remaining German outposts along the Channel coast are being blockaded, and supplies must now be running low at many points

MAQUIS

The Great Resistance Movement in France

Which has Brought About the Collapse of German Rule All Over the Country

HOW THE MAQUIS WERE SUPPLIED WITH ARMS BY ALLIED PLANES which skimmed low over the valleys to drop their loads by parachute : A scene in one of the mountain districts where the terrain enabled the Maquis to hold the Germans at bay after thousands of tons of equipment had been dropped to them—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

At four o'clock on the morning of August 16, a general uprising of the underground French forces which had been defying the German garrisons in the south took place. The mountainous character of the Haute Savoie had enabled the men of the Maquis to attack and retreat as circumstances dictated. After the news of the landings in Southern France had reached the remoter districts, the patriot forces immediately occupied St. Julien, on the Swiss frontier, and Cruseilles, Annecy, Thonon and many other places. Columns of the Maquis sped outwards to more distant towns, and German garrisons were forced to withdraw from exposed positions or surrender. After Annemasse, Chamonix and a score of other places had been captured, French liberation troops drove westward to the Rhone Valley. All this was made possible by the work of Allied aircraft, which for months had been supplying the Maquis from the air in the manner shown in the drawing above and the photograph below. Nevertheless, when the revolt occurred, its general widespread character and its immediate success surprised even the most optimistic.

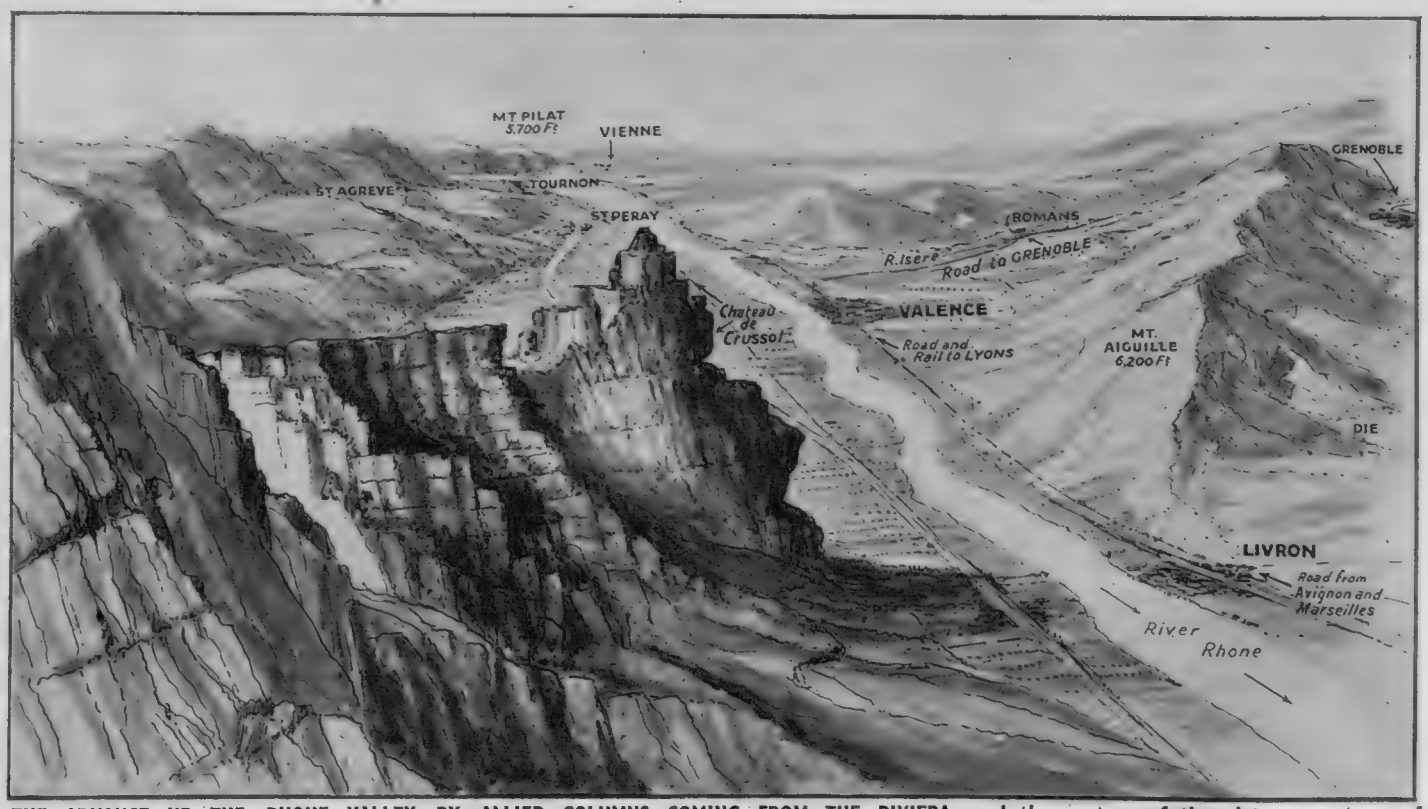
A WOMAN OF THE MAQUIS : Bearing the armlet of the F.F.I. (French Forces of the Interior), with its Cross of Lorraine, this woman played a part in the seizure of Paris from the Germans. She carried a large-size revolver and was active in stopping cars suspected of conveying Germans out of the city as the Allies approached the capital

PARACHUTES BEARING SUPPLIES FOR THE MAQUIS DOT THE FRENCH LANDSCAPE as they drop from big Allied bombers to the men waiting below : For months past men of the R.A.F. and U.S. Eighth Air Force have been dropping supplies to the French Forces of the Interior, "The Men of the Maquis," who have been operating all over France behind the Germans. Thousands of tons of equipment have been flown from Britain, despite bad weather, dangerous mountain peaks, enemy flak and fighters. Arms, ammunition and medical supplies have been dropped by thousands of red, yellow and white parachutes, ready for the moment which arrived on August 16, when news of the invasion of Southern France reached the determined Frenchmen who have since liberated great tracts of their own country

HOW THE MAQUIS LIBERATED ANNECY, capital of Haute Savoie, and took 2,000 prisoners, including the German Commander: Facing the Galbert Barracks, a battle took place which resulted in the surrender of Colonel Meyer and his garrison. A Gestapo official, one of three who were killed here, lies in the roadway. On the other side Maquis with their artillery await further instructions

FRENCH UNDERGROUND DOCTORS AFTER THEIR LIBERATION: These young French doctors risked their lives to serve as a medical unit for the French underground, at the same time carrying out the task allotted to them by the Nazis of treating the Allied wounded taken as prisoners. The flag they carry is an old one which had been kept in hiding during the four years of Nazi occupation. During this period they had attended to approximately 600 Allied prisoners

THE SPLENDID TYPES OF YOUNG FRENCHMEN who played a prominent part in the capture of Paris from within: These are all members of the Maquis movement. Their arms were supplied by the Allies and comprised "bazookas," rifles and revolvers: their headgear was a matter of choice, with steel helmets as a preference. As the Allies approached the French capital, these resolute men came out into the open and fought the Germans in hand-to-hand combat in the streets and public buildings of Paris until the enemy was forced to capitulate. Similar battles, with a similar outcome, were waged in the South of France, until the great hour of liberation was very materially advanced by this uprising from within



THE ADVANCE UP THE RHONE VALLEY BY ALLIED COLUMNS COMING FROM THE RIVIERA, and the capture of the picturesque town of Valence—an achievement which was made possible by the Maquis—*Drawing by Percy Home*

On right—
The penetration of the Rhone Valley area by Allied Forces has been achieved in combination with the Maquis columns operating from the east. By their seizure of a number of towns and garrisons, the latter made it possible for the advancing Allied columns to drive forward with a speed which surprised most of the military experts. The final days of August found the Allies at Valence, a populous and very pleasantly-situated town on the east bank of the Rhone. Looking westward is the wall of the Cevennes Mountains, and to the N.W. the Vivarais heights bound the view. The main road through Valence leads almost due north to Lyons, one of the busiest of French industrial cities. A road to the right winds through a lateral valley to Grenoble. It is possibly by this route that the Allied column approached the Rhone after the capture of Grenoble. The Marseilles-Lyons railway runs almost parallel with the roadway. A picturesque feature, which has added much to the attractiveness of Valence, is the twelfth-century château of the Crussol family, which looks down on the valley from a precipitous rock on the west side of the river a little south of St. Peray (opposite the point where the Isere River joins the Rhone). The Crussol family were Protestants of considerable influence; one of them was murdered during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in the year 1572

A MASTER of MUNIFICENCE—LORD NUFFIELD

Britain's Greatest Benefactor, who has Given Away Millions of his Money to Many Causes to Benefit his Native Land

By CHARLES GRAVES

NEXT month Lord Nuffield will be sixty-seven. Since his sixtieth birthday he has been giving money away at the rate of over £2,000,000 a year. All told, he has given away over £25,500,000, and has every intention of giving away a great deal more. The bulk of his donations have been in connection with medicine and his own employees, but they take every shape and form. Some of the proposals now under active consideration by the Trustees whom he has appointed to see that his money is spent wisely are: (*a*) the provision of scholarships for higher appointments in the Colonial Service; (*b*) the establishment of an Institute of Child Health in London; (*c*) the creation of an Endocrine Clinic; (*d*) financial assistance for Departments of Industrial Medicine in certain provincial universities; (*e*) the foundation of a school for the training of scientific instrument-makers. In addition, the Trustees are giving particular consideration to the problems of ageing and the care and comfort of the aged.

A survey is now being undertaken with the full approval and co-operation of the Ministry of Health and the Assistance Board. The Survey Committee has Mr. Seebohm Rowntree as Chairman. An Advisory Committee to consider the question of dental education is another of Lord Nuffield's ideas, together with authorised grants for a period of twelve to fifteen years to the London House Building Extension Scheme, London House being a recognised centre for students from overseas. The Potato Research Scheme at Cambridge University is another recent recipient of Lord Nuffield's largesse, while Malta, the George Cross Island, is to receive, and is already receiving, large sums of money for the advancement of health, the improvement of social well-being and the care and comfort of the aged.

his life. One of his boyhood heroes was the late Sir William Osler, who since advised him to take a heaped teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda every night of his life. One of his personal peculiarities is the unprecedented amount of anæsthetic necessary to put him out (on the rare occasions he has needed it), together with a faculty for regaining consciousness almost immediately and without any reaction. For many years his hobby has been medical research. Lord Nuffield is a great sentimentalist. "I am almost a trial to myself," he once told me.

It was at No. 100, Holywell (Street), Oxford, at the corner of Holywell and Long Wall, then part of Franklin's Coaching Stables, that he set up in business for himself with a capital of £4 at the age of 16¾. As soon as he was able to, he began a whole series of gifts to Oxford and Oxfordshire, where, at Wood Farm, near Headington, he was brought up from the age of two, his grandfather farming all its 2,000 acres.

The first of his great and related series of benefactions to the University of Oxford was his gift of the Radcliffe Observatory buildings and grounds, which he bought in 1930 for £100,000 and turned into an Institute for Medical Research, its original function being therapeutic in character and consisting principally in the study of the action on the patient of drugs and other media of medical practice. This shows his personal interest in his peculiar reactions, or lack of them, to anæsthetics. Six years later he gave the University the sum of £1,250,000 to endow a Medical School Trust. Whereby hangs a tale. At a Meeting of Congregation called for the purpose of accepting his gift, Lord Nuffield stood up and announced that he proposed to give an extra £750,000.

There is no record of an address having been made in Congregation except by one of its members, and the Chancellor of the University (then Lord Halifax) began his speech of formal acceptance with a humorous reference to disorderly conduct, describing Lord Nuffield's generosity as "unspeakable." The following year he presented another £300,000 to defray the inevitable increase in the expenses of the Radcliffe Infirmary, together with another £200,000 to provide extra buildings for the Medical School and its associated hospitals. Only a few months passed before he provided £168,000 for a kind of post-graduate medical Rhodes Scholarships.

In the meantime, he had an ambition to erect and endow an actual college bearing his name, but no suitable site became available until that hideous tract of land known as the Canal Wharf, near the railway station, came into the market. He bought it promptly, and when peace is declared an immediate start will be made on a college which will in every way conform with the architectural tradition of Oxford and will provide railway passengers with their first unobscured view of a unit of the University. Nearly £1,000,000 has been allocated for its erection and endowment. Another £100,000 has been set aside for the building and equipping of a new Physical Chemistry Laboratory.

One might have thought that Lord Nuffield's career as a manufacturer might have persuaded him to found a College of Engineering at Oxford; indeed, he formulated the idea, but was told that Cambridge specialised in this and the two Universities had always refrained from wasteful competition with each other in the advance of certain subjects of study.

Other gifts to the Oxford area included the endowment of the Provincial Hospitals Trust in the Oxford district. This particular Trust has given the University £8,000 a year for ten years to establish and maintain a Plastic Surgery Unit which will be a centre for the training of plastic surgeons. The war in the air has brought a tremendous demand for their services in view of the numbers of air and tank crews who are disfigured by burns. In connection with which, one of the most imaginative gifts that he has made is the £250,000 that he gave to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Long before the war broke out Lord Nuffield decided to help cripples with a special fund to develop orthopædic treatment. He did the same for Australia, New Zealand and South Africa as he did for this country. In South Africa, the scheme embraces the welfare of the coloured population as well as the white.

So much for his gifts in connection with medicine. During the terrible days of the "Depressed" Areas he initiated the Subsistence Production Scheme in South Wales, which trained the unemployed in crafts which produced easily saleable goods and gave them facilities for growing foodstuffs for themselves. The early success of this venture caused Lord Nuffield to endow a Trust for £2,000,000 in 1936 to rescue and promote industries in South Wales, Durham and Tyneside, West Cumberland and the Glasgow district of Scotland, excluding the city itself. The most substantial outcome of this before the war was the new employment of 20,000 people. The whole town of Whitehaven, for example, was transformed from total idleness and poverty to a state of general prosperity. The pre-war resuscitation of the steel industry at Jarrow was another feather in the Trust's cap.

Just before the war, the Sports Board of the Territorials received £50,000. With conscription, the Forces Trust came into being. To-day, the Auxiliary Services are almost entirely dependent upon this particular Trust for the supply of amenities. Wireless sets have been provided in thousands, mobile cinemas established in isolated areas and athletic equipment of every type given to freshly-formed units. A later and special feature of this Trust is the provision of free hotel accommodation all over the country for operational R.A.F. personnel when on leave.

Lord Nuffield's largest benefaction, established in February 1943, can be regarded as the culmination of an outstanding record of discriminating philanthropy extending over a period of nearly a quarter of a century. This is the Nuffield Foundation. Its potentialities are almost illimitable.

VISCOUNT NUFFIELD WITH THE OFFICERS OF A HOME GUARD COMPANY, THE MAJORITY OF WHICH ARE EMPLOYEES IN HIS GREAT WORKS. A picture taken during an inspection recently, when he told the men "that the time is not far distant when you will be laying down your arms for good"

With Lord Nuffield in this picture are seen the following—left to right, seated—Captain W. C. Wyatt, Major H. F. Owen-Evans, M.B.E., O.C., "H" Company, 6th Battn. Oxford H.G.; Lord Nuffield, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Douglas, C.O., 6th Battn. Oxford H.G.; Lieut.-Colonel W. P. Browne, M.C., H.G. Staff Officer, South Midland Area. Standing—left to right—C.S.M. H. Perkins, M.M.; 2nd Lieut. J. A. C. Howard, Lieut. E. W. Burrin, Lieut. G. A. Morris, Lieut. C. H. Turner, C.Q.M.S. F. A. Walker

WILLIAM RICHARD MORRIS, First Viscount Nuffield. He was born on October 10, 1877, and was married in 1904, but has no children. It was he who founded the vast Morris Motors organisation, which has absorbed also the Wolseley, Riley and many other famous companies. He was created a Baron in 1934, and a Viscount in 1938. He is an F.R.S., an Honorary D.C.L. of Oxford and has a score of other honours bestowed by Universities and other bodies all over the world

Three gifts which have given Lord Nuffield particular gratification are the 2,000 Oxford Vaporisers evolved by Air Commodore R. R. Macintosh, Nuffield Professor of Anæsthetics of Oxford University. The virtue of the apparatus is its ability to provide anæsthesia in difficult conditions, being so compact that it can be carried as easily as a suitcase, while its operation is practically foolproof. Seventeen hundred iron lungs manufactured at Cowley have also been distributed all over the world. The iron lung has been responsible for saving many lives threatened by infantile paralysis, acute bronchitis or drowning. Perhaps the most romantic of Lord Nuffield's recent bequests is his five-year grant to Sir Howard Florey's Department at Oxford University to guarantee the salaries of five research workers exclusively occupied in penicillin development. Later, a further grant to Brigadier Hugh Cairns' Department, also at Oxford University, was made to finance the study of penicillin treatment as applied to diseases of the central nervous system.

Needless to say, it would be physically impossible for any one man to lay out wisely over £25,000,000 in charitable bequests all by himself. It has been necessary for Lord Nuffield to create numbers of Trusts, each administered through a body of Trustees nominated by the founder. The attainments of the representatives he has chosen must give him every reason for self-congratulation. Their large number precludes individual reference, but I cannot help mentioning Sir William Goodenough, who is Chairman of the Trustees of five of the Trusts—the Nuffield Foundation, the Medical School, Nuffield College, Forces of the Crown and the Provincial Hospitals Trust. Lord Nuffield has been interested in medicine all

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

A DEADLY WEAPON
—THE "FLAME-THROWER"
Now being Used by the British Infantry and Tanks in France

A CHURCHILL "CROCODILE" TANK BELCHING FORTH A COLUMN OF FLAME as it approaches an enemy pill-box. Its "flame-gun" can actually be fired round corners, as the fuel will ricochet

THE "CROCODILE" CARRIES ITS FUEL IN AN ARMOURED TRAILER towed by the tank. In all the flame-throwers a special new type of fuel is being used

THE POSITION OF THE PROJECTOR NOZZLE in the nose of the "Crocodile" from which the flame is projected. It has been located just below the long gun-barrel

"WASP" FLAME-THROWERS IN ACTION. The flame can be projected to a distance of 150 yards. The "Wasp" is, in reality, a flame-thrower fitted to a Universal carrier which has tracks in place of wheels

THE "LIFEBUOY" THROWER, which has been used with success by paratroops, Commandos and Canadian infantry. It derives its name from its "lifebuoy" appearance, as shown on the right

THE RING-SHAPED TUBE FOR CARRYING THE FUEL is borne on the back of an infantryman. This is the "Lifebuoy" type of flame-thrower

Among the equipment with which the British Army blasted its way into France, and which it is now using, are flame-throwers. Chief among them are the "Lifebuoy," a man-carried weapon; the "Wasp," a light armoured weapon; and the "Crocodile," which is fitted to a heavy tank.

The "Lifebuoy" derives its name from its appearance. It consists of a ring-shaped tube for carrying the fuel, and another spherical container to carry a compressed gas. These are carried on the back. The flame is projected from a "gun," in which is incorporated an igniting mechanism. The "Lifebuoy" has a range of about 50 yards, and has been used with conspicuous success by paratroops, Commandos and Canadian infantry.

For bigger operations, a larger fuel-supply and greater mobility are needed, and to meet this the "Wasp" was designed. This is a flame-thrower fitted to a Universal carrier. The tanks containing the liquid fuel and compressed gas are easily carried on the carrier, and the "flame-gun" projects through the front.

The most powerful and effective flame-thrower of all is the Churchill "Crocodile," which is fitted to the heavily armoured tank. In this case the fuel is carried in an armoured trailer towed by the tank.

The "Wasp" and "Crocodile" can project flame to distances of over 150 yards, and they and the "Lifebuoy" use a special new type of fuel. One of the curiosities about this fuel is that it enables the "flame-gun" to be fired round corners, as the fuel will ricochet and produce fierce and persistent fire in the nooks and crannies of pill-boxes and trenches

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE BONEHEAD HERO.—In the history of the British novel there was a strong fashion for a long period for making the hero a bonehead. He was not a mere silly ass: he was more nearly a youthful Blimp. He always possessed noble qualities; his courage was superb, he was generous to a fault, he was—theoretically, at least—"the perfect gentleman." But he carried his simplicity to a fault, and his weakness of intellect and his lack of ordinary common sense put him sometimes beyond the pale of our sympathy to-day.

A charming girl, the flower of English maidenhood, always loved him faithfully, utterly; and he returned her devotion—in theory. While she pined and was true, he was the prey of every tempter and pigeon-plucker. He went to the moneylenders, exchanged shots with bullies and bravos, squandered his patrimony and threw away every opportunity which came in his way. He had only to say a word and he could have married the girl and lived happily ever after, but an embarrassing "sense of honour" always silenced that word. He was too tainted with vice for a maiden so pure, and so, without a word, he left her to die of grief or consumption. His boneheadedness missed no occasion of creating a misunderstanding and could take no golden opportunity of ending it. So he resigned his heritage, changed his name and became a paid groom or enlisted to fight in the ranks, determined to purge his sinfulness and pay through the nose (for himself and his girl) by anonymous misery for himself and for all who loved him. He had scores of friends—from old noblemen, who loved his sunny face and inherent nobility, to romantic matrons and kitchenmaids and street urchins, who worshipped his sunny smile—but he never failed—the only instance of the failure of his universal boneheadedness—to evade their help and shipwreck their efforts to set him on his legs again or satisfactorily solve his problems and mysteries. He passed his best years under the shadow of quite unsubstantial misfortunes and misunderstandings. He believed he was proven a bastard, or was wanted for murder in a duel, or that his girl had been unfaithful to him (an impossible eventuality). A word said or a short letter delivered would have cleared up the misunderstanding and opened the gate to happy life everlasting. But he always managed to escape into the underworld before the word could be said or the missive delivered.

BRITAIN SIGNS AN AGREEMENT WITH THE FRENCH COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL LIBERATION. Mr. Anthony Eden affixing his signature to the document, while M. Massigli points out a particular item: The British and American agreements with the French Committee, now acting as the Provisional Government of the French Republic, were completed a few days ago. The British agreement was signed in London by Mr. Eden, Foreign Secretary, and by M. Massigli, French Commissioner for Foreign Affairs. Its purpose is to regulate the arrangements between the civil and military authorities for the control of liberated France: the terms (which have the approval of the Soviet Government) cover the following heads—civil administration and jurisdiction; currency and mutual aid; the disposal and protection of property and war material; publicity; and civilian relief. Since signing the agreement, M. Massigli has left London for Paris to become Foreign Minister in the new French Government

A Mid-Victorian Fashion.—The fashion in bonehead heroes (of noble parts) belonged, of course, to the mid-Victorian era of novel-writing. It seems that many of these masters could compass no continuous inspiration nor conceive a plot without the aid of a bonehead hero. Trollope, of course, is the first offender. His plots are woven round boneheads who fell victims to the moneylender, the pander, the wicked townsman and the second-rate female. Nor, until the last chapter of Vol. III, did these heroes ever fail their creators. They kept out of the way of the simple solution of their misunderstandings and difficulties with completely dependable boneheadedness. Henry Kingsley's Charles Ravenshoe is another *locus classicus*. So is the hero of Seton Merriman's *Flotsam*—for the fashion carried on through the Victorian age. Indeed, examples could be multiplied.

Was there something more in the fashion than an accepted type of plot or a certain clumsiness in the novelist's technique in that age? I am inclined to think so. There is a touch of sadism in most of the instances that can be adduced. It must be remembered that these novelists lived in an era when youth and age were more sharply divided than now by barriers of jealousy and prejudice; when fathers regarded their sons, and age regarded youth, very much as the 1st Lieutenant regards the occupants of the gun-room—young nuisances in constant need of keeping down.

The Trollope Hero.—It must, I think, be admitted that the middle-aged Victorian novelist did not in his heart take a very exalted view of the essential "nobility" of young men, or, if he did, he was a very poor advocate of youth. The sunny smile, no doubt, was admired and insisted on. Animal courage was not disputed. But the novelist leaves the reader deliberately in grave doubt about the value of that "sense of honour" which is supposed to be inherent in the young bonehead hero, and is certainly inherent in the plot.

Johnny Eames was a first-class bonehead hero. Trollope affected to love him. He was so *straight* and honest. Lord de Guest loved him for these qualities. But that sense of honour did not prevent him going down to Allington to renew his hopeless suit for Lily Dale's hand immediately after he had pledged himself to marry Amelia Roper of the lodging-house. You find the same "honour" among *The Three Clerks*. You find it in the noble Phineas Finn, who proposed both to Lady Laura and to Violet Effingham, when all the while a trustful Irish girl believed in his pledge to marry her.

A dozen other Trollope heroes revealed the same frailties in honour, not to speak of common sense; Charles Ravenshoe's boneheadedness was such as to betray every friend who trusted him, under the banner of honour and self-abnegation; and the "sunny" hero of Merriman's *Flotsam* was in truth accorded no virtue but animal courage. He was otherwise a weakling, a dastard in love, a hopeless gambler and spendthrift, and a proven looter. Yet Merriman invites the reader's admiration for his hero.

—And the Ouida Guardsman.—Taking only Trollope, Henry Kingsley and Merriman, to cover a long period of the Victorian age in novel-writing, what deductions are we to make from their treatment of their young heroes? That they damned them with faint praise and assented to their "nobility" with civil leer, in order to teach the readers to jeer? Was it sadism, or jealousy of youth, or genuine contempt for the rising generation of males? Or were they quite unable to string out the plot of a story in three volumes or one, without constantly dipping and drowning their heroes in a sea of troubles which a modicum of strength of character, a mere pinch of common sense and common honesty, could have spared them? I fancy both these elements are to be found in their technique. No doubt at all, the older generation continued to despise and loudly criticise the faults and failings and foolishness of young men until at least the Edwardian age.

Even Ouida's splendid Guardsmen—idealised heroes as they were—were not always spared the charge of boneheadedness. And Stevenson's love of the adventurous and the young did not prevent him from thrusting their heads into hornets' nests, disturbed from sheer idiocy. Jim Hawkins, David Balfour and St. Ives, each one of them at times infuriates the reader by his boneheadedness, which his subsequent coolness, initiative or courage can never entirely redeem.

We have to wait for Masefield and Mason and Anthony Hope to adjust more equitably the balance of strength and frailty, common sense and recklessness, in the *jeunesse d'orée* of fiction.

And since the novelist is, above all others, the agent who holds up the mirror which reflects the age in which he lives, its manner of thought and its fashions, it is worth noting how very different to-day are the relations of father and son, of age and youth; and how much more happy, sensible, equitable and comfortable.

The damnable heresy that boneheadedness and youth are synonymous terms is dead as Queen Anne. And, more happily still, the brief interlude when the bonehead label was transferred to the *old bottles* has not survived this war. Boneheadedness still exists, no doubt, but it is no longer regarded as the exclusive attribute of the young or of the old. I am glad that these things are so.

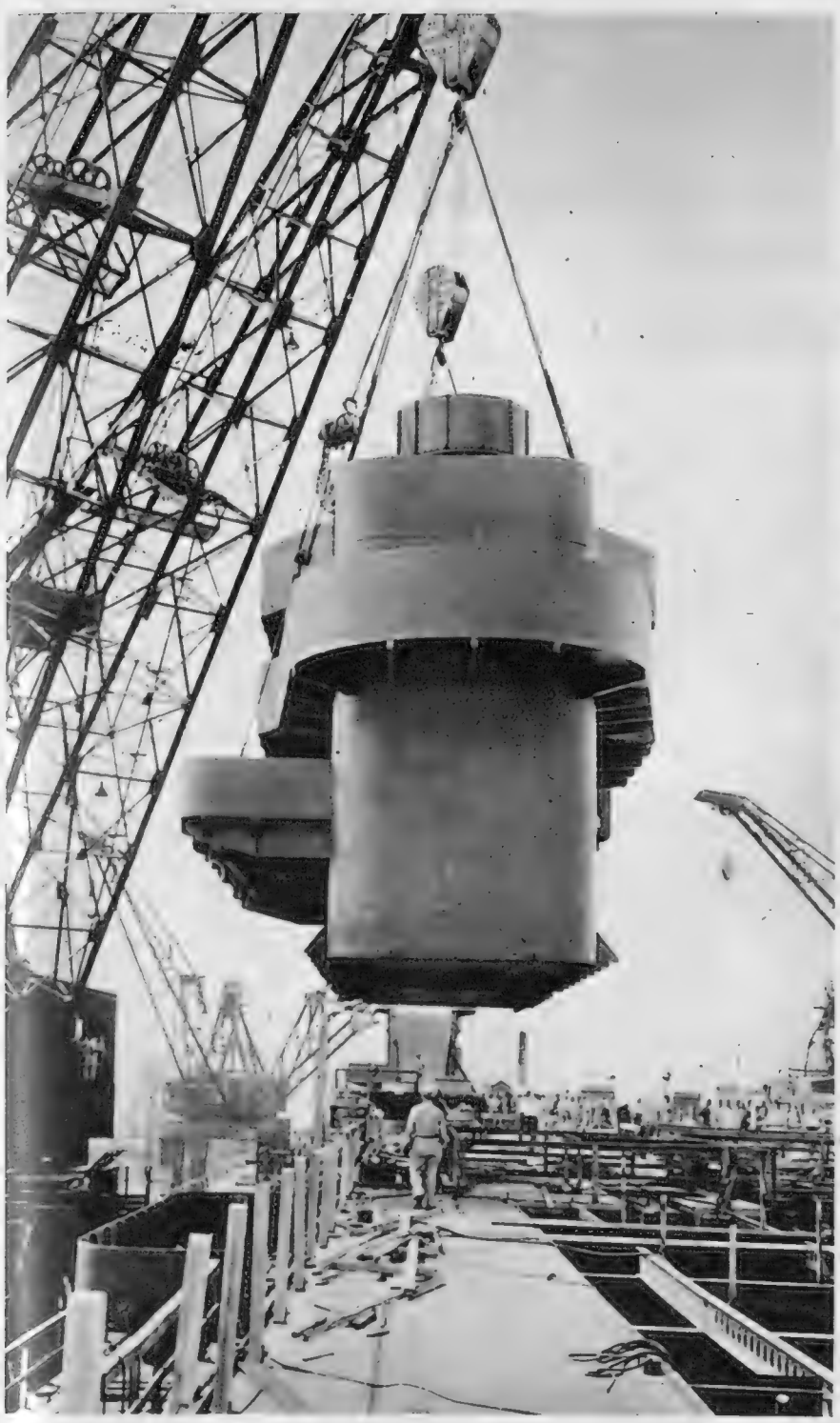
The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

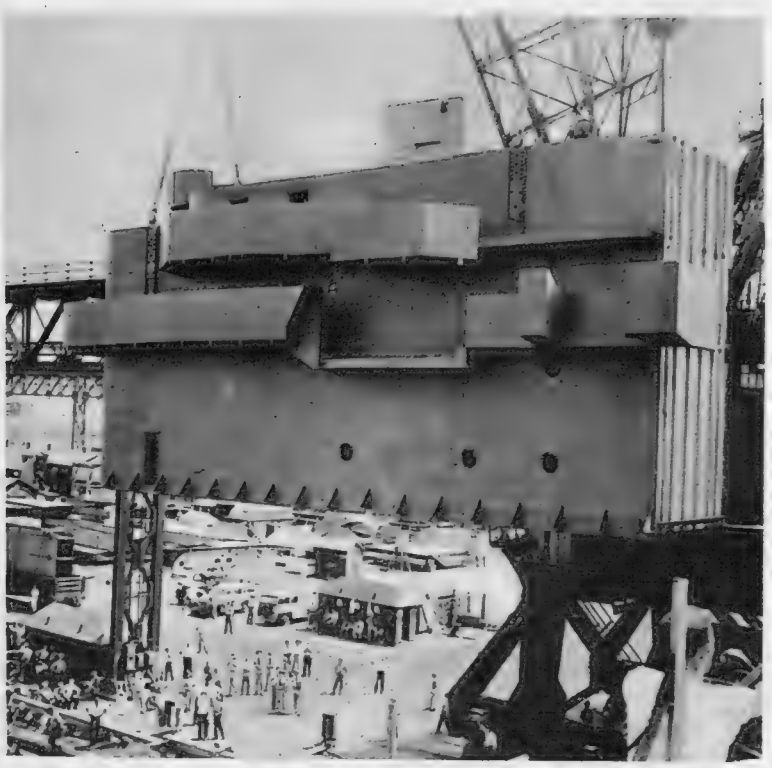
"*MINE HOSTESS*" (Arts Theatre).—It has frequently been said that the comedies of Goldoni, like certain French wines, "do not travel." Exactly how much champagne-like sparkle there is in the Italian original of his comedy now to be seen at the Arts Theatre, deftly translated by Mr. Clifford Bax and re-labelled *Mine Hostess*, I am not qualified to state. But this play fizzed quite sufficiently for my liking, and never for one moment, in spite of a possibly over-lengthy treatment of a monotonous theme, showed any sign of fizzling out. Mr. Bax, who has never written, or been concerned with, a poor play as yet, obviously deserves many of the laurels. As to the acting, the heaviest job fell to Miss Judy Campbell, as the scheming, gold-digging young landlady with whom all the men concerned seemed to fall in love, notably the glowering woman-hater, played well in the period by Mr. Baliol Holloway. Considering Miss Campbell has hitherto hunted over a very different line of country, I thought she did remarkably well, even if she still has a good deal to learn. Mr. Ralph Roberts furnished a delightful little study of a hard-up aristocrat with a sure "touch."

Bird-in-Hand (St. Martin's).—An English pub., this time. But it was the Arts Theatre which sponsored this revival of the late John Drinkwater's cheery picture of saloon-bar life (more or less) in Gloucestershire, and so successful was it that I was not surprised to find a transference elsewhere for as long a run as may be. Social qualities, and inequalities, are made the most of, particularly by Mr. Herbert Lomas as the gloriously rural landlord (his original part); it says much for his cleverness that one does not get bored by his loquacious adherence to the same argument, and a familiar one at that. Another perfect picture is the little clerk of Mr. Ivor Barnard. The women do not get much of a chance, but Miss Kathleen Boutall and Miss Felicity Lyster make the most of what comes their way.

Still more ballets.—The ballet boom, to which I recently referred, goes from strength to strength. A particularly strong addition is the International Ballet, which has just returned to London and is playing to vast audiences at the Adelphi. I have just spent a pleasant evening with *Les Sylphides*, *Prince Igor* and *Everyman*, this last, Mr. Ernest Irving's brilliant arrangement of three of Richard Strauss's symphonic poems. I was glad to find that Miss Mona Inglesby has returned to the company, after a foot injury.



A HUGE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TAKES SHAPE. Cranes move a part of the "island" aft as the "Antietam" nears completion at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. This pre-fabricated section weighed 158 tons: it was installed in the huge 850-ft. aircraft-carrier in one operation. The vessel was christened on August 20



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE 158-TON "ISLAND" SECTION as it was being lifted into place on board the aircraft-carrier "Antietam" under construction at the Philadelphia Navy Yard

ON Sunday, August 20, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the American aircraft-carrier *Antietam* and the two heavy cruisers *Chicago* and *Los Angeles*, were christened at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Together they total more than 53,000 displacement tons—the largest warship, and the first three major Fleet units, ever to be launched or christened by one American shipyard at a single ceremony, according to the American Navy Department's records. The two cruisers were constructed in one huge dry-dock, headed in opposite directions, with their bows side by side, and overlapping like wedges. The carrier, over 850 ft. long and with a flight deck area of vast extent, had a whole dry-dock to herself.

To speed construction and to utilise the limited space to the best advantage, a considerable portion of the hulls were pre-fabricated. At the Philadelphia Navy Yard, sections of hull, deckhouses, the carrier "island," anti-aircraft gun mountings and other major structures were built, complete to priming coats of paint, at distances as great as several city streets from the dry-docks. Giant cranes then moved the sections into place.

The ships grew by as much as 200 to 300 tons in a single morning.

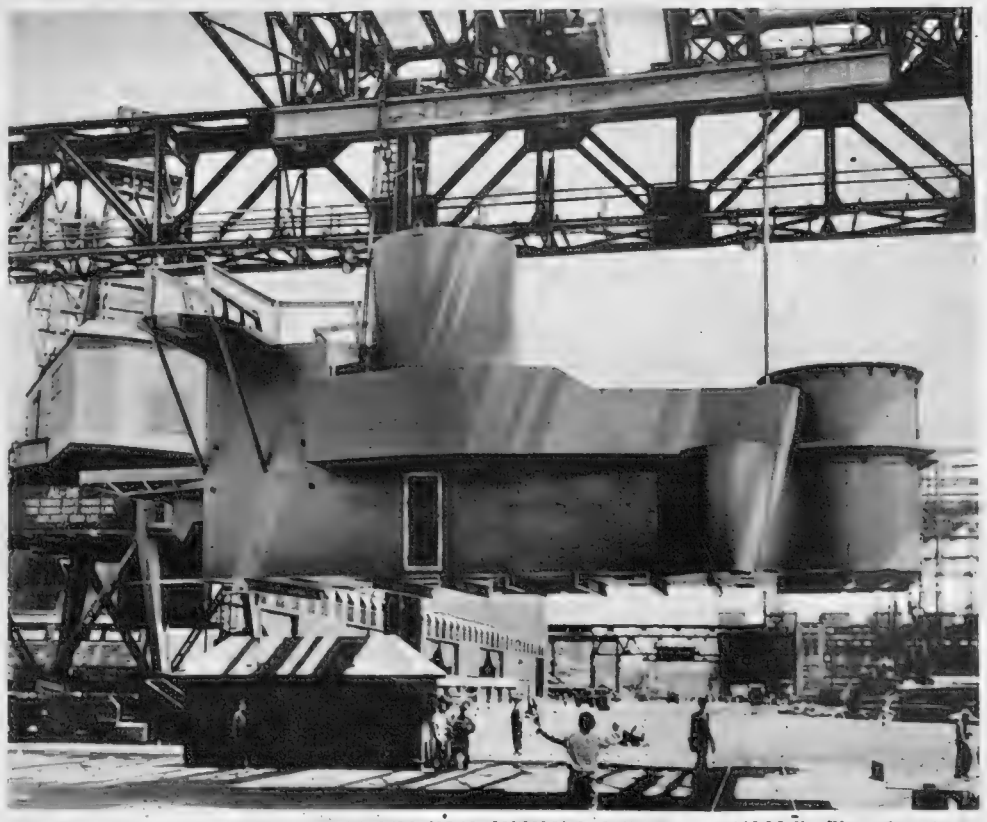
These pictures, the first of their kind to deal with the pre-fabrication of fighting ships, have been released with the approval of Rear-Admiral E. L. Cochrane, Chief of the U.S. Bureau of Ships, which designed all three vessels

CRUISERS and CARRIERS

Pre fabricated in the U.S.

A Great Advance in Ship-construction Methods in Very Quick Time

THE BOW OF THE CARRIER "ANTIETAM." To speed construction of this Essex class aircraft-carrier, the entire 128-ton bow was pre-fabricated at the head of the dock in which the vessel was under construction. The bow weighed too much to be picked up by overhead cranes, so it was skidded down inclined ways to a point where it could be picked up by heavy-duty cranes and lowered into position



THE PRE-FABRICATED DECKHOUSE OF THE NEW AMERICAN CRUISER "CHICAGO." The after-deck-house—a 62-ton section of pre-fabricated steel—is here being lifted from the pre-fabrication area to be moved to the head of the dry-dock, where a jib crane will pick it up and set it on the vessel under construction. This heavy cruiser, like the "Antietam," was christened on August 20 at the Philadelphia Navy Yard

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW BOOKS IN SERIOUS VEIN

A Reporter in North Africa; A Vivid Account of Hospital Life; Unearthing the Source of the Mersey; The Result of Enforced Meditation; The Navy at War; Another "Britain in Pictures" Volume

LISTENING to the news of Paris and the really sensational broadcasts of the crowds and the actual shooting in and around Notre Dame, I heard the bells of the cathedral and a voice which said that their recording had been arranged by Mr. John MacVane, of the N.B.C. This struck me as all the more rational and unsurprising since I have listened to many of Mr. MacVane's broadcasts from places in the news, and had, furthermore, just finished reading a book in which he has proved his good reportorial sense—if there is such a word.

WAR AND DIPLOMACY IN NORTH AFRICA (Hale. 15s.) may be a clumsy title, but the contents are anything but that. Mr. MacVane is an Anglo-American in the sense that he is an American citizen, educated partly in the United States and partly at Oxford, has worked as a reporter on New York papers and has been a sub-editor of a London one, has been a war correspondent for both the British and American news agencies in France at the beginning of the war, broadcast to America from London during the blitzes, and was the only American broadcaster on the Dieppe raid. During the North African campaign he was accredited to the British First Army and the American forces, and the present book is the outcome of that experience. Whether in print or on the air, he is primarily a reporter, and probably earns that esoteric designation of a reporter's reporter.

To deserve that, a man must be able to claim the virtues of courage, promptness, independence and exactness—the last, of course, a quality much insisted on by R. L. S., who wrote that in narration there was only one art, and that was to be exact. Mr. MacVane can own to all these things, even if he has, in addition, a politico-personal bias that helps to give colour to his spoken and written despatches.

His book on the background to the North African campaign is extraordinarily interesting, frank and occasionally passionate. His opinion of General de Gaulle is unequivocally expressed, and, at the other end of the scale, he writes that if his own father "had negotiated that Darlan deal, I would have criticised him for it." All in all, a book for your list, even if it isn't the definitive, last word on the political campaign in those months.

I have read a more dramatic but I have never read a more thorough account of life in a hospital than Miss Helen Ashton has given us in her new novel. YEOMAN'S HOSPITAL (Collins. 8s. 6d.) describes that life during a twenty-four-hour period, and brings to her description an almost overwhelming weight of authentic detail. The place is the general hospital serving a county town and the surrounding countryside, and it deals with every kind of case from vagrant sailors.

The story that winds its orderly and aseptic way through the wards, the "path." labs. and the boardroom, is of the love of one of the house surgeons, Sophia Dean, for the brilliant pathologist, Neil Marriner. Their bright prospects are clouded only by her ambition, which may take her to a distinguished appointment in London, away from him, and by his chronic bad temper, due to a bad duodenal ulcer. There is, further, the division which splits the loyalties of the hospital staff from top to bottom, and so necessarily affects the earnest young lovers.

Dr. Shoesmith, the Senior Physician and Grand Old Man of the place, is Neil's uncle, and a slightly reluctant admirer of Sophia's capabilities. He is of the old school, though not impervious to new theories, and his delight in the gossip of antiquaries gives Miss Ashton an excellent excuse for bringing in legitimately within her twenty-four-hours' span the history of the foundation and early days of the hospital. The other hospital faction unites behind Richard Groom, the surly but gifted surgeon whose son is in the running, with Sophia Dean, for the post of Resident Surgical Officer.

In the end, and after a masterly operation on her loved one, Sophia wins the appointment, and the rival factions are united over an emergency operation for a cerebral abscess. As I say, there is no doubt about Miss Ashton's authority in the way she handles her theme, or the well-organised strands of subsidiary story. What I miss here is the sense of drama that such a book should have; the tension and excitement that I had imagined inseparable from the business of dealing at first-hand with life and death.

Mr. William Palmer has done English historians and English geographers a service in writing at full and authoritative length on the Mersey. This is a river that lacks the drama of the Thames or the Severn, that is a feebler and smaller stream than the River Dee, and that "even to the last high brook, is a much-abused stream." Now comes THE RIVER MERSEY (Hale. 12s. 6d.) to redress the publicity balance strongly in its favour.

One of the snags has possibly been that Mersey itself defies the enthusiasm of any but the most determined student and cartographer by beginning as three separate streams, none of them called Mersey. Up in the Pennines it begins as Goyt, Etherow and Tame, and only achieves rank and title at Stockport. Another drawback may have been that its lower course flows through the sober, not to say grim, landscapes of Warrington, Widnes and, finally, Bootle. But Mr. Palmer has rescued its sources from obscurity and its broader reaches from dullness by his vigorous and lively treatment of the river's history, and has even unearthed a photograph of Warrington in brilliant sunlight.

What happens to a thoroughly complacent and middle-aged woman when she has two or three days of enforced leisure with nothing to occupy her, whether books, sewing, housework, writing material, children or an aptitude for meditation? Miss Mary Westmacott answers the question in her novel ABSENT IN THE SPRING (Collins. 7s. 6d.).

Mrs. Scudamore is married, happily and successfully, to a country lawyer in England, and on her way back from a visit to a married daughter, who has been ill in Bagdad, finds herself stranded at a desert rest-house for several days, owing to bad weather. There are no other visitors, no books, and her light luggage includes no means of work or distraction. So poor Joan Scudamore must think—or nothing. Instinctively, her thoughts turn inwards on herself, and on the evident success of her domestic career as contrasted with many of her school friends'.

She has just the kind of life she wants, with a loving husband—or did he look a shade too relieved as he left her at Victoria? With a son, who had chosen to work on a farm in East Africa. With a daughter married very suitably in London, after all that silly fuss about being in love with a married man blew over, and with another daughter married in Bagdad. Certainly this one had been ill, with a case of poisoning, but that must be food poisoning, and anyway, one should never listen to gossip. And her own husband, Rodney, who had once longed to be a farmer, but who had luckily taken her advice and accepted a partnership in a firm of country solicitors and only looked about ten years older than his age.

As she broods, Joan Scudamore has the alarming experience of coming very close to the truth about herself, a selfish and insensitive woman, and then, when the train finally arrives and she is on her way back to her home, she has to decide whether she will admit her newly-discovered faults to Rodney, whom she now knows to have been in love with another woman for many years, or keep her smug, pretty façade. The solution is human and disappointing and convincing all at the same time, and Miss Westmacott's light, agreeable and indefinably amateur touch suits her material very well.

THE LATEST PICTURE OF THE ARGENTINE QUINTUPLETS—The five Diligentu children, who are now 15 months old. On July 11, 1943, five babies were delivered at one birth to Senora Franco Diligentu at a town in the Argentine. This sensational news was kept secret for a time—to avoid unwelcome publicity, it was stated. But ever since the eventual publication of the fact, interest in the children has been intense throughout Latin America. Here is the latest picture of the five: they are—Maria Christina, Carlos Alberto, Franquito (on the hobby-horse), Maria Fernanda and Maria Esther

THE NAVY AT WAR, which has just arrived here from America, is an admirable record in paintings and drawings of the work of the United States Navy in this war. The five artists whose works are reproduced are all officers in the U.S. Naval Reserve, and were commissioned into that body as "combat artists," and sent on active duty to ships and ground units in the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Aleutians, the Caribbean and North Africa. The result of their work is extremely impressive and important, not as a rival to the art of photography in recording war scenes, but as a necessary and sometimes very moving corollary.

Mr. Hanson Baldwin, Naval and Military Editor of the *New York Times*, has written the lucid commentary that accompanies the hundred or more paintings.

The newest addition to the series of "Britain in Pictures" is Mr. Peter Anson's BRITISH SEA-FISHERMEN (Collins. 4s. 6d.), which is both a survey of regional fishing in the past and an assessing of the resources and the quality of our fishermen at the present time. The illustrations in colour and line are again chosen with the taste that distinguishes this collection of little books, which now number nearly sixty.

A JAPANESE-AMERICAN CHARGED WITH TREASON: Mrs. Billie Tanigoshi, one of three Japanese-American sisters, who has been charged with treason in the Denver Federal Court. It is alleged that she aided in the escape of two German prisoners from Camp Trinidad, in Colorado, last October

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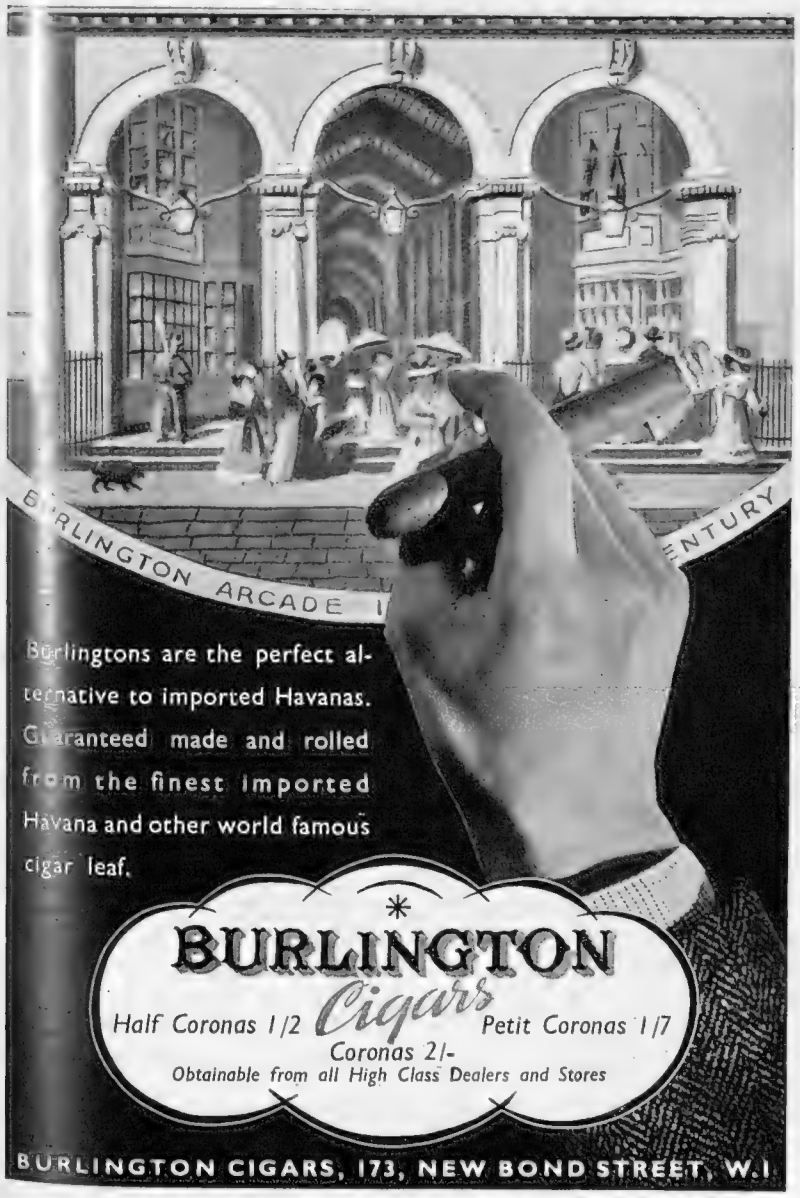

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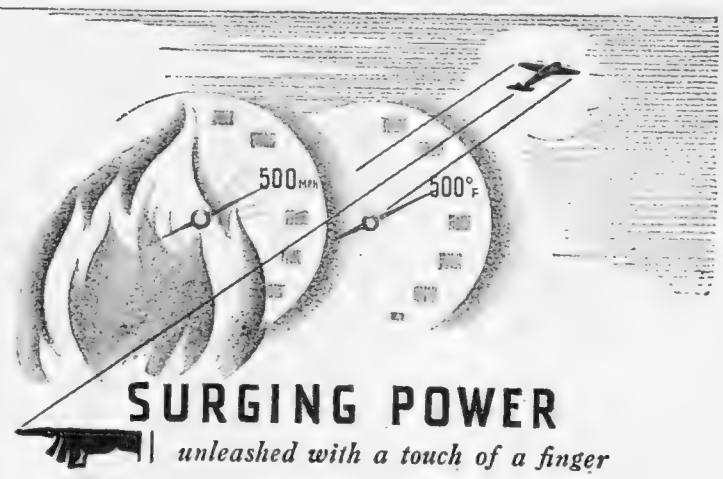

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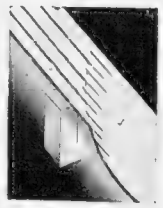

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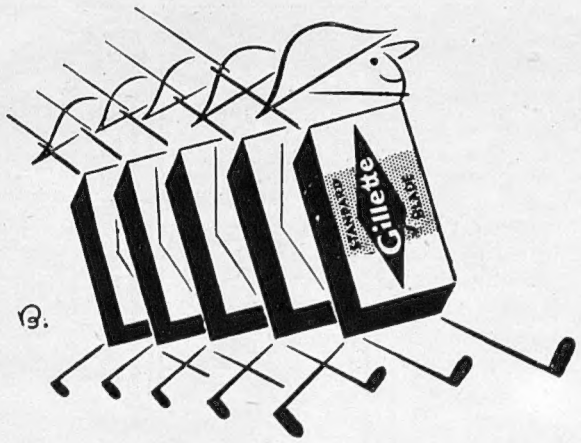

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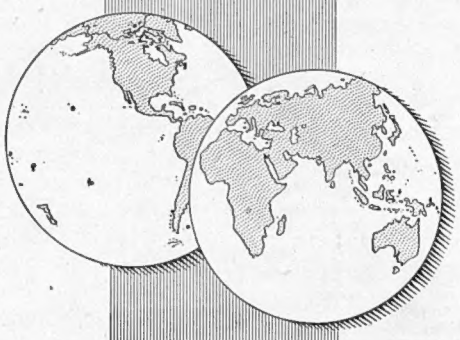

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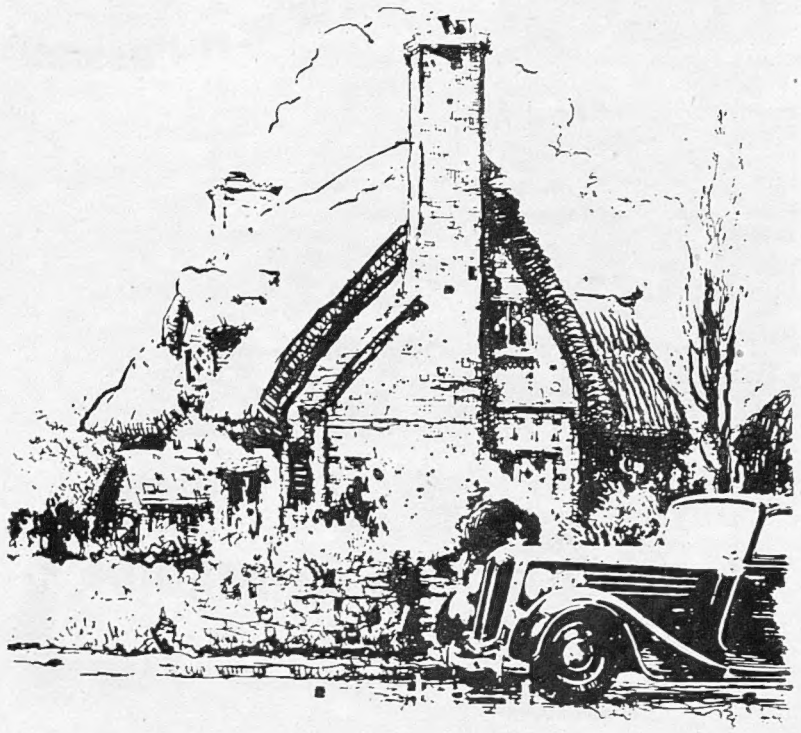

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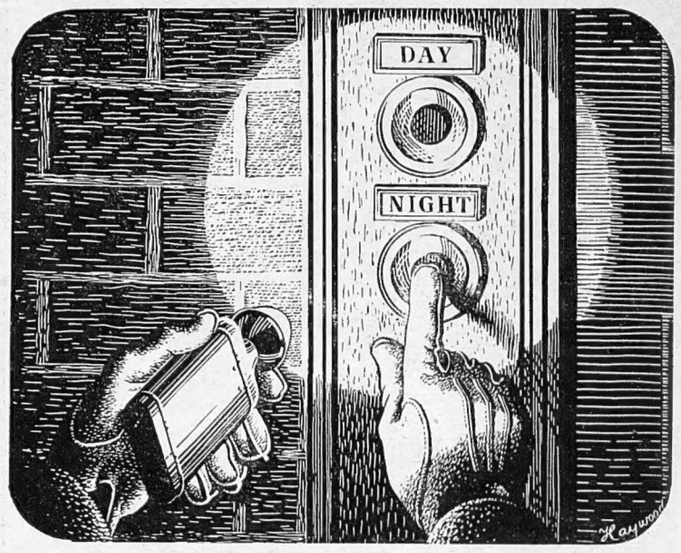

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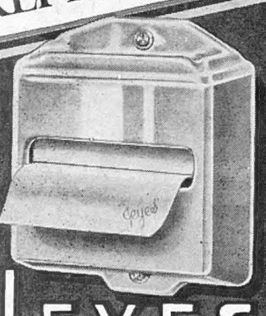

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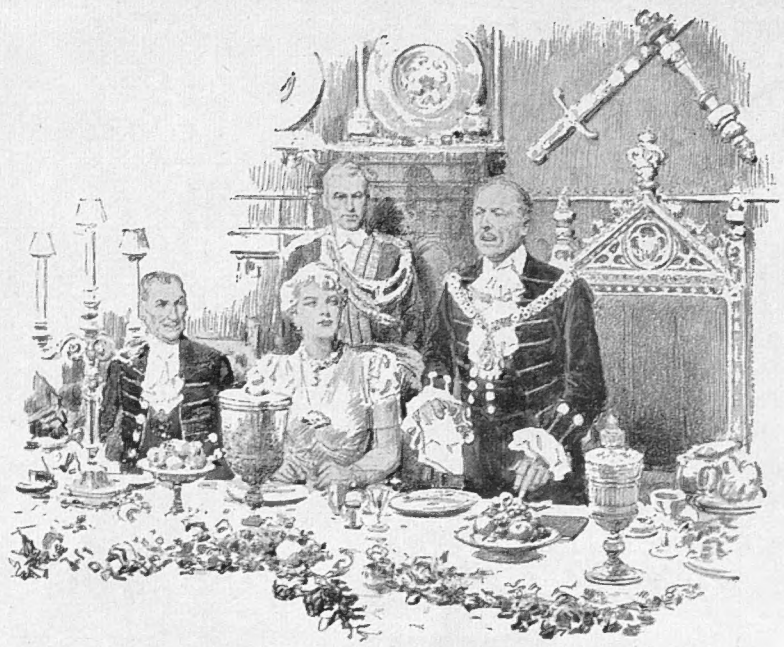

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